

Reflections of Sol

2026

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'I've awoken this morning, and gotten some reading done, and had some breakfast, and have situated myself here on this bed, to write, or at least to get a few thoughts down... *somewhat to orient myself unto the grain which the paper is made of... this will put me in relation to this*

morning, in the best way that I know how. Writing, like this, will usually find a way onto my pages, if I'm receptive, and patient enough to wait on it. And then I'll be in the best position to make a trip over to the main office, after I get these medicines. It's good to see this work come through, when I'm under pressure... it means that my better half is on her mark. I remember so vividly what it's like to feel so alone, with no way to alleviate my pain, except by doping myself with inebriating chemicals. At any rate, I'll be glad to get on the road this

morning. Another mostly sunny day is in store for us, today. Road trips aren't so bad, when the weather's good. And when the inner walk... the 'walk of life...' is smoothed in guidance, and assurance. At any rate, we'll each have our meeting, with our team, and get back to our apartments, hopefully in time for an afternoon snack. *A thermos of ice cube water is very good when you're hot and tired.* I'm just passing the time until then, by getting down these thoughts into this smart device's word processor, while we're at the Doctor's office, *and take care of*

this. Today is the fourth Tuesday in July, this year... this might be the hottest time of the summer, for us. Our waiting line is dwindling, and then we'll get started back. Riding over here, the lunch hour traffic was busy. It should be less now; if we can get away ahead of the five oh clock traffic, that will be good, and we can get on home. *At any rate, our air conditioning is good, at home. But I've always just liked wearing layers...*

THIS IS A BIT OF WRITING FROM July of this past year, back in the

hottest heat of the year. *I'm starting out this writing with this segment, as I had previously thought that I had lost it from my devices forever.* So, it was nice this afternoon to find this file again on this device, and to include it here. There is an expression I like remembering, which about covers the way our elderly, and disabled, and special needs peoples everywhere feel about life in general... when there are mobility, or health, or housing, or banking questions... or insurance... or logistics matters... or even interior decor considerations... **It goes**

something like, 'Everything's going to be all right, as long as I've got some say in things.'

Having lived both with and without power over most, or some of my affairs, I've come to see, that having a writing path such as this is, or in producing and publishing of digital audio visual media, *going 'where the heart's compass leads,' in literature, such as this, is the distillation of some of the finest dreams of the 'Blessings of Liberty,' in general that could ever be. **Our religions talk of a Savior, or Hero, who is born in a rustic***

stable, and arises from those lowly, or humble origins, to lead a whole peoples into freedom. Have you ever? In a way, Mother Nature is something like Mankind's saviour, who really sacrificed, and died, to provide for us our luxuries. ***Isn't this, then what the animals go by? A religion so austere, and legendary, and enshrined enough to appeal to their Truths, and their harsh Realities?*** By the same token, it is Man who is tasked with designing the technology that might even allow for our planetary life, in general, animals

included, **to escape to other stars, to other planets.** It is thought that the Earth's resources will one day be depleted, *and we'll all have to progressively move to some younger, habitable planet, **and colonize anew and begin again.*** So, this is why I think that writing, music, art of any kind, and crafts, especially seen as a younger person's path, are something like the planet's practical religion... her church... *a place where good wits, and the planet's substantive intelligence quotients get focused and directed into, and emulating*

*somewhat, for this very reason... to hone the senses, and fine tune the intellect, and develop the science... **to eventually escape the Earths gravitational field, and travel to the stars and other planets.** But, Nature's cornucopia appears both unlimited and finite... **nowhere is this seen better, than in the planet's natural resources...** food, medicine, building materials, the growing of, and cultivation of plant (and animal, and mineral,) life has strengthened and clothed, and sheltered our Mankind for millennia.*

Just think of how reliant our modern peoples are upon minerals, and metallurgy. Not to

mention cotton from the cotton plant, leather from ranch animals, and synthetic fibers, from coal and oil. Well, these thoughts, and others, are running around up in my mind, this evening. *I'm getting them down onto paper so that I'll have a good beginning for a new set of writings.* At any rate, this evening I'm telling myself to, *'Get beneath the matted tangle of hair shafts, behind my nose... and, allow the cool air to flow*

around and into the tender hair follicle roots.' ***I only must remind myself of my yoga stretch visualization... which allows me to center my consciousness between my upraised arms.*** This mental visualization is very useful to somewhat defuse the tender painful throbbing, in the middle of my face, tonight. ***When I am allowed freedom from pain, in a time such as this one is, my voice can easily ascend along the arc of the starry night or day sky, right up into the heavenly canopy above.*** I tell

myself, also to, '**Fine tune my perceptual senses.**' This saying, here just lately, is like the central jewell in the crown of such glory... so often I'm averse to such a pain as is felt in my jaw, at times, for instance, such overload, such that I shirk away from these sensations. Telling myself that *'feelings are sharp for a good reason, when you look at the tragedies on the far side of the planet.'* Such a 'fine tuning,' of your six senses shows plainly which directions of travel are appropriate, and which are based in illusion, and mirage. 'Fine tuning,' I've

recently discovered is the way into real discernment.' *It is in this way, that electromagnetic wave reception can be gotten onto the clearest signal image, where the right understandings are found, by default. As long as one is in pursuit of the wind mills of illusion, and false information, and bad data, you'll continue to bang your head against the proverbial wall.* The hairs, and tender follicles, inside of your nose and face, are like a highly sensitive antennae array. So, in a real sense, the task is to '***Fine tune the matted tangle. Fine tune the***

antennae array.' When at first one sees this perceptual finery, you'll understand now, how, if left unattended, a complex antennae array just gets overloaded, and overheated, trying to amplify different signals... *broken down, corroded, and corrupted, and twisted.* I've myself lived most of my adult life in the throbbing pain of this sometimes unacknowledged information, rapping on my proverbial window pane. Only in the recent two years, have I been shown how, the up stretched arms, as in a mental visualization, seem to best relieve the

stress and tension, of being so small,
amid the powerful sorcerers of living.
**One should really 'write a lot,' or
'perform and record much music,'
because one's internal radio is
such an finely made instrument...
that this fine tuning of such yeilds
splendors previously unimagined...
as if 'from thin air.'** *Information is
continually flowing all around
ourselves... like the invisible air
itself... **having a spirit guide** to help
you read from off of the antennae
array is the secret, if you ask me. I'm
so glad to have gotten this present*

writing into shape, for such time when it can eventually be published, and seen and read. My usual offline writing device is temporarily out of service, as I'm currently awaiting a new battery for it to be shipped to me. *Anytime an old battery starts swelling, and causing the device to come apart, it's always time to order a new battery.* At any rate. The day is Monday, the first of December, and I've awoken early, had a bite to eat, and gotten myself situated to work on this writing, prior to our morning meeting, for our medicines. I have a

spindle of blank DVDs, and I have been busy doing some year end archiving, and making some Christmas gifts. *My gift giving this year will probably consist in the three latest Greg @ the Piano video DVD discs. These are all the latest clips, from since I've been back in this town.* So that means I'll have something to work on this week. At any rate, I'm glad to get this latest writing a little further along... ***so getting these thoughts down will hopefully help these ideas begin a new set of writings, for the new year, twenty twenty six.*** After a

pleasant morning of working on these goals, *I've sat down, again, with this writing open on this device's word processor, to see if my ideas will work, now.* **As a young man, I was confused by mental phenomena, not seeing the problems with my actions, at the time.** So, I said, **'This is schizophrenia.'** But, as the years passed, and I grew more experienced, with the phenomena, *and brought my behavior in line with societies' conventions, this type of way of seeing became something like a set of regular constants, almost like*

*fixed points, or fixed stars, **through which my mind perceives the currents of ordinary life.*** In other words, such has become a fairly steady place to 'hang my hat,' and find common understanding, all within the ever changing tides and currents of the individual human consciousness. I'd say, it is the solitary soul, who is most concerned with this, because, that's just the problem. *Such a one might not initially have conformed to the standards of the encompassing society. The person might will have been so 'absorbed' in his thoughts,*

and memories, and dreams, perhaps pursuing addictions, and illusory goals, that he's virtually 'out of contact' with his encompassing society, in the worst cases. I think, that this is, in brief, the main reason we have the mental health care system, for instance.

Because certain ones will have too much 'absorption,' and will be 'fantasy prone.' These sometimes need hands to hold. They say, that Niccola Tesla, worked in concert and harmony with these 'fixed stars,' found in absorption. One of his quotes was said to be,

'Writing is like going to bed with a notebook, and waking up with a finished manuscript.' I think, that, the extremely vivid colors, of the visionaries' artistic expression are what life comes down to. Notions of 'fixed stars, by which we measure ourselves,' to paraphrase... seeing in this manner, brings us into contact with real passion. *Aging is decay, and death. Hunger is delayed gratification. But, there must be a Higher Plane... a whole another scene... a life Imperishable.* Won't we one day become as the stars in the

Heavens... **flowing within the dreamer's dream... perhaps, outside of it as well?** And, that's an interesting question. ***I've always thought how, Heaven might be above, behind, and around the explicate Universe... only, with portals somewhat into its infinity.***

What do you think? *Beginning a new book, is sometimes a challenging time, for a writer.* But, when he sees the pains of his mind and body junction **as being only the veil through which a classic work is given, then the usual pains are of little**

significance. The dull throbbing tenderness might be only caused by the stale air trapped within a tangled mat of inner hair... each individual tangled shaft fastened into a tender follicle root. Seeing how this is sometimes... how by focusing on this type of tangle, (*usually, squaring such pains between the upstretched arms... the Sunn salute,*) it tends to dissolve... *a person will be progressively less mystified by the unknowns of the usual migraines of creation.* Of course, I'm seeing in this way, because I've had more than three decades of

experience in trying to solve puzzles such as these... and I have arrived at understanding, somewhat by default. I knew that I would eventually learn the ways of these pains, and pressures, *and sure enough, I have somewhat seen them for what they are. At any rate, I've combined three different documents, each from a different time period, to make this writing come together.* Having gotten situated after bedtime medicines, here, I can put the concluding flourishes on such, and consider adding it in with the others. *It has been a long day, and I'm about*

ready for good sleep. All for now. I'll send this along your way now. Have a good weekend. On a gray and bleary winter's day, such as this one, it might be helpful to remember just where we left off the previous afternoon. *It was with a distinct spate of fussiness, I seem to remember, that we solved the last of yesterday's problems.* This, I think, was caused by a simple mistake, around the time of our evening meeting. The mistake seemed to have been centered in the ambiguities around whether online work is or isn't allowed around evening medicine time. Part of myself said, 'Yes,

you can do publishing work around this time of medicine meetings... when you've got a long wait in line, you might find something to do, to pass the time, on your phone.' But, part of me was strongly against this type of thing, categorically. So, part of me said 'Yes, I can optimize my time, by doing this online work, while we wait,' **and part of me said 'No way.'** This episode was hard on myself, and I concluded that we should avoid any extraneous distraction, around the time of medicines, no matter what. *Medicine time is medicine time, and such doesn't appear to be for extracurricular activities,*

*or any online publishing work, or online gaming, for instance. So, you can see and understand the nature of the episode yesterday evening... I could see that anything so distracting as that could only be a mistake, at such time, **and no one likes dumbly making a mistake... so I was angry with myself, and lost more than an hour belaboring this dumb issue.*** At any rate, these are the types of difficulties that arise, sometimes, when grown up people have to live together, as a group. **You see, we all come from unique and different backgrounds.** When I was growing up,

as a teenager, my Dad was a commercial art director. *This prepared myself for the role of online content developer.* Many people will not have ever thought that their 'Facebook,' or their 'YouTube' is the same thing as having a 'book contract,' or 'recording contract.' But, these two concepts are basically, essentially the same. **Either way, your work gets into the hands of anonymous readers, anywhere in the world.** With social media, i.e. desktop publishing, the results are the same... you accomplish the same goal... *just without the man in the middle.* So this is the way I internalize a

dumb mistake, and try and remember the lesson, for the future. I can work on writing, and compose text, at any time. *But anytime distant servers are involved, it would have to wait until after medications time.* So, 'lesson learned,' I tell myself, conclusively. Well, today has been the second Monday in December, this year. This has been the first day, with my new piano album, the 'December Dream, pt. 2' project. This is a thirty eight minute sound experience, ***which you can have and possess for free.*** I'm quite happy with it... as such shows what my latest ability ranges can do. We may

have had a cloudy, gray day, today, but on the inside, my heart was happy. *It really makes the inner lights shine, when we can make and give something, that makes someone's day in that good way.* I only wish that more people knew the joy which comes through sharing homemade gifts. **This to me is the meaning of the internet.** I know how having all human knowledge in the palm of everyone's hand is somewhat close to the heart of this year's Christmas, as well... **but just in sharing your talents, this too is good.** So Christmas season is really meaningful, now, in more ways

than one. At any rate, these are just some thoughts. **My mind gets confused sometimes, and I just want to slow down and take things one inkling at a time.** I think that it's better to have writing like this at the top of my time, today... than to be overwhelmed and burdened by the weight of the baggage of unexpressed ideas, trying to get out, in one's now. *It's almost always better, to myself, to articulate just what is in my mind, at this time... than to gropingly be at a loss for words.* It might hurt somewhat to get ideas to come out clearly, onto the empty page, like this,

but at least you'll then have this expression to stand for your time, such as this is. Better to have a glimpse such as this is, than to be wholly empty, and without words, when one's moment arises. At any rate, I've myself got these words, coming onto the page right now... which really out measures any hollowness, or emptyness which might be otherwise. As I'm sitting here thinking these thoughts, I'm impressed by how much better it is to have thoughts, onto this page, like this, than to have none whatsoever, **than to be mute and unthinking... to be just be a passer**

through. Such a conclusive expression is much better than to have none at all. Well, I hope that you can see the honesty in these thoughts... *without this definite telling, I would be lost in silence, and without thinking of any kind, as I take accounting here tonight.* Well, this is the end of this day, somewhat, and I'm grateful to be developing this equity. As I'm sitting here, I can easily imagine getting my hands and arms upstretched past the sides of my head and face, now, and this allows me the sense of 'threading the needle,' **somewhat showing my heart as well, right now.** At any rate,

I'm happy to have this pleasant mood, tonight, *and am looking at the good sense in these words, and am feeling grateful.* The overwhelming feeling I have, now, is that without having any sense in my words, in my language usage, I would be as lost, and bewildered as an idiot, with no sense whatsoever. *Spirit is present, when her good wits are holding the ideas used together, like a 'concerto in the park...'* ***such stands out in a good way from the randomness of any wild nature.*** I'm sure glad to have these ideas so strongly, and can't hardly wait to listen to the clarity, and

cohesiveness of such as they're played back as audio. I'm glad to have this to offer. Well, these thoughts are beginning to come to their conclusion, in through here, **so I'll try to wrap them up, and add them in with the others, now.** This is the conclusion of the second article in this first part of this 'Reflections of Sol,' audiobook, today. I'll see how the words look on the page, and hear them in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

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Sitting on this couch, to write, this morning, I'm thinking to myself, how, ***'The Grace and Blessings of the Spirit have truly been with us, this recent year.'*** Our weather, this morning, where I'm at, is just a beautiful, breezy December time, and I'm thinking that *I've never seen such an ideal circumstances, and climate, for the prolific production of good art, music, poetry, and design in general.* My part of the world, especially, has been blessed, and I'm going to think some this morning, about these many

blessings, and the many ways that we can continue being individuals, in a diverse society, *where basic liberties and amenities are so seen unto*. How can we continue to respect our unique specialties, and not completely discount the roles of artists, for instance, in our society. Increasingly, the recent years have brought such technological proficiencies to our land. I do feel that, if anything, our digital amenities, such as hand held, pocket sized internet access, and personal computers which you can wear, on your arm, or your head, or even your

finger have somewhat come of age, in the first twenty five years of this new century. *Can we continue with a single pointed approach in a world which demands diversity, and conformity?* If there is anyone, any power which can get into words the precise remedies for our fractured, tormented times, *I feel it's Spirit's Word.* I don't care what it is... Spirit can 'turn it around.' Okay, maybe I shouldn't talk that freely. Because we're each, every one, called to be wise... to be prudent... to be thrifty. Have a look at our consumer society in

general, and I think you will have seen how products which can be purchased at the store will all have met strict efficiency, and sustainability standards. These products will be tested, reviewed, and certified to do what they're advertised to do. I think you'll agree, how in any given centrist society, *(In other words, in a given solar system type of family scene, where the planets tend to orbit a central sunn...)* we're all given fair share of the rights, *only, can you say for yourself what you say for your sister or brother?* This, I think, is a

very good, and a timely question. Even the most brilliant among us will sometimes stumble, or fall... this is partly why we have the mental health care system. *A successful life program, will have loving caring family and friends... this is a given isn't it? Without such as that, you might would say, '**such couldn't last for long.**'* Another might ask himself or herself, '*do go by the rules, laws, and guidelines... so why am I shown such grief as I am sometimes?*' I think, that so much of what we take for granted, as having been fate, or just bad luck,

might could have been foretold, or
forseen by looking at our genetics...
our chromosomes. This says it all,
doesn't it? So, you tend to be a bit of
a drinker... haven't you thought, how
this might go back to your Mother's
Dad? Or someone else, like that? Is
this the way we can look at our
genetics? *See, I think that most
everything that happens in our lives is
based in heredity. Some countries
revere their ancestors, above all else,
as a part of their religion, and we
begin with this... why don't we? Why
doesn't our society give more credit to*

our Ancestry? Well we do. Just look at the genealogy websites that are out there. *But, if you don't want to be over burdened with self importance, or burdens of imagined causality, for instance, you'll know, I think, how to shift the conversation off of yourself.* Maybe this is really the hallmark of one's enlightenment, *if he or she is able to temporarily step out of his mold long enough to draw up the plans for a new music album, or book, for instance.* I feel like, it's really something how, it's not just myself... everyone's got a neice or a nephew, or

a cousin, or brother or sister, who struggled with individuation, with addiction, with ethical values, or choices. This last category, the having or learning of the values and ethics which bring one into harmony with his or her family background, this is hard for some people. *Don't we sometimes compromise, ourselves... our time, our patience, when we serve the customer?* At any rate, I would love to have some kind of store, like a general store, or grocery store, where what I have is something that others want, or need, or tell themselves that they

need. Or think they need. But, retail, is I think, the way that is closest to my heart, maybe even more so than music, or art. I like to feel useful, and to give it to you, what you want. I try to do this with music, and literature, my content development... *how do you think I've fulfilled this mission?* Is my unique product unique enough for you to go out of your way for, or is such lacking in style, grace, class, or design? At any rate, I have a few readers and listeners, and views, for my videos, *I guess that this is my recompense, for caring about such*

appearances, about such products. In particular, right now, I've got numerous ideas of a centrist nature, reflections, and percolations, permutations of Sol. Isn't this where our discourse is at this time? Now, this concept is a many layered one, which I feel is just close to the hearts of our society, and of our season, our time of year, and calendar in general. *The idea, I think, is to both shed light, on the scene, and not draw excessive attention to ones own self.* We can avoid this later thing, I think, in part, by walking a middle of the road kind of

path. ***In other words, are you well versed enough to both paint a picture, and not have it come true?***

This is precisely what happened, you'll remember back twenty five years ago... I thought I had the winning design, the sweetest sound, only to find 'such came true, for real!' Such as this was hard on myself. *Is there reason enough to believe that this similar thing won't happen again, a second time?* How annoying can things get, when we see some patterns repeat themselves, occasionally. My reassurances, are

there, as well. I would say, that there's no concerted enemy, anything like we faced twenty five years ago. I think, that I'm more worried about a natural disaster. *The wild nature, I think, is the most robust adversary we've seen in recent years.* Even some of the bad problems with our youth, some of them, are little more, apparently, than infestations of bad nature... *bad habits, sins and excesses, taken to extremes, and twisted beyond recognition by the presence of a gun in the person's life. I just wanted you to see, how*

'Reflections of Sol,' might well be not such a nice thing. Many of us won't remember, that the worst natural disaster in human history happened on Boxing Day, of two thousand and four... the Sumatran tsunami. More than one hundred thousand people died. Seeing through the eyes of friendship, and affection, is one thing, but when they have to see something so horrible as that was, we wonder 'What is the point?' Having a spirit walk... What is this, if not an invitation to the horrors, in general? If you've got a good, beneficial friendship, you

should hold on to it. But, Nature itself has shown himself to be very rude, and angry. I myself get fussy sometimes... *but I would never cross the all important lines, and the blessings, I think, of existence for myself, far out measure the detrimental losses. But, Life itself will always be a 'mixed blessing.'* (I mean, if we can see the glass as half full, that is.) Nature is the best photographic subject there ever could be... but might never fit completely in the picture frame. At any rate, we might should get back to what we

were doing, only remembering how, *one might well know far more than he or she might let on about, in the present.* No one likes, or will enjoy the agony of exegency. This will never change. Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher. But, the sunshine, with the breezes blowing around so sweetly, make this look like a nice day. The name of this audio book, is 'Reflections of Sol.' Such writing, as I found today, though, has gotten kind of far out. So, *'How can we encourage the horse to keep pulling the wagon, even when there are distracting maniacal things*

on his or her mind?' So, this is mankind's challenge, if you ask me... this keeping of a harmony, and a balance, between man and nature. And, maybe I've said too much... this is the worry. At any rate, I think that the question still is, 'Are we able to be unique and different, and still not draw excessive attention to ourselves?' **'Isn't the game of life something like a stale mate, for real, when we get too close to the Sunn?'** At any rate, this has turned out to be a pretty good article, after all. I'll say a prayer for my 'Spirit Immortal,' and

think of some of the meanings, and designs which might could be seen as pertinent to my topic, and bring this article to conclusion, now. I'll send this along your way now. All for now, Greg.

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Just to get a few ideas started onto my page, I'm going to sit with this word processor, and see what is just beneath the surface of my mind and consciousness. We've got a beautiful sunny, but breezy and cold, Thursday

morning, today. Our group, some of us, are going to our office this morning, for our team meetings. After this, we're probably going to get by the dollar store, to allow anyone who wants to to get some inexpensive groceries. *Then, we'll get back to our apartments, and can do whatever we want to do.* I think that these podcasts are, in general, something, audio, which I want to listen to, maybe more than anything else in my library. They have a way of drawing the listener in, and completely captivating him or her. This is such a talent. If

you give any one of my chapters a chance, I think you'll find yourself completely rewarded, and engrossed... *you won't want to break away from this good reading material.* The recent past year has been so very productive... *I don't think that I've ever felt so purposeful, and blessed with good work.* If you've not ever felt real purpose, and meaning in your inner spiritual life, or felt very much chosen, and selected out by the Good Spirit, *then you've not felt this great meaning, and purpose.* At any rate, gratitude is my predominant feeling, in

response to this work. The saying, **'It's good work, if you can find it,'** is the general view which I seem to find... So you'll find me on my best behavior, if I have any say in things, which I definitely do. *Anyways, sometimes I face tests, but I'm usually allowed to negotiate, for a triumph.* I only tend to stay to myself... This is the reason for a good communal home procurement... *I can't do much good on my own.* I'm thinking to myself how the brisk December air feels so good on my face, and hands... It's great enjoying a road trip, and really seeing

the scenery going by... listening to the commercials on the local radio... *and hoping that they'll play some good music...* The contrails in the sky above... *The layers of earth in the roadway cuts...* neighborhoods I'm familiar with... The cozy warmth coming through the heat vents... **'I'm enjoying this drive,'** I conclude to myself. This word processor software on this smart device must have been made for only me. (*Of course I'm not the only one. I'm only as special as I'll allow myself to think of myself.*) Of course there's stressors, but they're

not really real. I'm extremely glad to have my work squared away... *no known issues, at this time.* So I'm blessed. **That's about all there is to say about it.** At any rate, we'll probably be here anywhere between forty five minutes and two hours. If the creek doesn't rise we'll get back by or around our lunch... That's the goal. I have accomplished some making of Christmas presents... That's, of course, what the season's about. *My folks taught me the importance of giving around this time.* Not many among these groups really know this... It's

hard to do, for one thing, with very limited funds. We'd all love to be able to give back... *not only does it take some starting funds, it takes presence of mind.* It's easy to say, 'let's all do this,' **but we've all got unique situations.** It's good being blessed enough to be able to give back... That's the meaning of Christmas, if you ask me. ***That really says it all, if you ask me.*** Well, anyways. We're having our kind of try monthly meetings, *where we speak to our team leader, usually the Doctor, and outline our goals and objectives.* Whether it's

quitting smoking, or getting hired for a job of some kind... *Our meetings are like strategy planning sessions.* Our last team meetings were awhile ago... I can't remember, if such was back in October... *of course this is December now, such might have been back in September.* I've got a writer's voice... This is my main life blessing, it's good to be able to speak for myself in a way people will like, and remember. *But I don't feel very much like public speaking... I'm better at writing, and journaling, I think.* The Christmas decorations here look sweet, I think

they're well done. *Since I lost my Mom, this past month, I've noticed I like my piano videos better.* I guess I'm a face only a Mother could love as much, as I'm finding. But I can do good at audio recording, *playing piano on tape, but probably not in person.* At any rate, this is the world I know. I can see from here well enough, that the main thing people have common amongst one another, **is love of good music.** If someone is given to play instrumental music, then they've probably got at least some skill. So, any artist you look at, will have unique

advantages, in that field. I try to appeal to people, *such as someone like my Dad would like, and every once in a while, he calls just to talk.* This makes me very proud. I can usually find something he'll connect with me about... if it's my new ear phones, or something about our smart devices... or art... doing art... *I love very much when he'll give himself a real artistic victory... but it seems like, most of the big ones come to his son, myself.* I hope that, in Mom's absence, he'll dip into his talents more. He's good at portrait sketching, oil painting,

and watercolor... I mean, really good. He was a commercial senior art director for twenty years, so he just knows what's good, and what's not, from his work experience. At any rate, sitting here, just now, looking across the room, out through the open blinds, I can see, we've had a beautiful sunset this evening... *one of the prettiest I've seen this whole year.* A bird was making a message chirp as the last rays of sun disappeared below the horizon. I think it means that a hard freeze is coming, *maybe even angry weather... get ready.* At any rate,

tonight I had the notion to play my Dinner Music collection. *It's much better than I remembered... I'm really proud of what I hear.* I had no idea, really, that such measures up so well. Anyways, I must be Horatio Hornblower, or someone special like that... *from the way I'm talking this up.* Well, we'll see if this pans out. I guess that any proof will be in the download statistics. Well, tonight's the second Thursday in December, this year. If you want to know what a still, clear, midwinter's night is like, tonight's perfect for that. We're

expecting temperatures down into the teens by mid weekend. The bird had said, '**How could you sit inside in your warm air conditioning, while we'll be outside, shivering?**' He sounded mad. I told him, mentally, that I'll put some better seed out in the feeder. I'll get some tomorrow. *And, I will do that.* At any rate, we, most of us, are not very involved in the 'show and tell,' fanfare, being more vegetative, or just not having a craft or hobby. *But, some of us just seem to engage more with the 'spirits of creativity.'* If there were such a

thing, I think that such would be, the things and thinking that ties in with a handicraft, or a speciality of some kind, such as art, or music, or writing.

If you get good enough at a speciality, or craft, people will really reinforce, and thank you for showing them that, and giving a copy.

Having an internet connection, and a desktop, or lap top computer, can really allow a person to learn AV production, and to develop a unique product line. Publishing your own work, allows you to circumvent the publishing company, or record label,

altogether. If you want your work to be seen and heard, and the profit isn't necessary, or important, then this is the way. Although you can supplement your insurance money with some online sales, (but I don't bother with such. *I'm on a fixed income.*) Sales just don't bring in so much even for commercially marketed AV products... **the idea, though can be to just reach hearts with your good talents.** Well, I thought you might like to read the truths I've discovered about this like this. Maybe you'll feel like you've heard some

honesty. Well, these thoughts seem to be coming to a conclusion, about in through here, and I'm getting so hot, and need to take off a layer in here, so I'll wrap them up, and add in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

~

I myself was raised in a good, Christian family. Me and my sisters were given a lot of good impressions, just of everything from homesteading, to gardening, to family values... and stories about our ancestors, were a

part of things at our home, too. My Mom and Dad practiced regular church attendance. This meant tithing. Still today, forty years later, Dad still tithes to his Church. I only wish that, the Pastor's sermons, back in our youth years, *could have been talked about, at home, at the dinner table, and we kids had been asked for our opinions about the message, more often.* Instead, I detached myself from the formality, and started directing my attention to the worldly music... the country, and rock and roll, and folk icons. ***Such were simply much***

more exciting, to myself, than the rigid doctrines of our denomination. I fell head long into the patterns of some of my drinker ancestors. Even my closest friends, agreed, that *'Greg either had to learn the hard way, the lessons of the streets, or else avoid secularism altogether.'* I couldn't stay away from secular culture. I went full on through the world music subculture... *alcohol culture, and narcotics, were a part of the streets, and I was there.* I was decrepit, and tended to go about things the wrong way, i.e. doubling

dosages on any pain relief medicines, was par for my course, for example. *Good people in my midst spotted these signs, and I think, correctly concluded that I (might) have a career as a writer, or artist, or pianist.* I was just going through a karmic overload for about the entire decade of my twenties... *In the nineteen nineties, in paying the dues ahead of time, for the successes and failures to come, up around the bend.* A six year purgation, and pain period imparted to me an iron clad peace of mind, and built in me the logic of victory, despite the

clouds. So, it was totally to my vexation, and bewilderment, when in January of nineteen ninety eight, I had a serious suicide attempt... *and woke up in the hospital recovery ward, with the lower extremity agitation completely gone.* The curse had been reversed. I think, that the point I'm making, is that, I've travelled this path fairly well, and gotten these artistic goals met so far, and I'm just really impressed, and interested to see anyone who I've followed for years, those who might be astrologers, or just journalists, spiritual writers, doing so

well, *and administering spiritual truths, and astrological wisdoms to so many new people now.* Part of me says, **'That kind of spiritual ministry, is much more appealing, to myself, from someone who I believe in, than the conventional teachings of the usual conservative teachers in my land.'**

But, I know I don't want to sound as the Theosophists did in the early twentieth century, with their criticism and distancing from the organized church, at the time. Why did those Theosophists have to differentiate

themselves from the conventional church? *Because they, somewhat rightly, had guessed that they would be criticized by such church, before even attempting to make a balance, or a helpful friendship, with the religious.* Still today, my public image somewhat asks of myself that I make room for the secular humanist... *or else alienate a big part of our society.* I find myself glad when the Astrologers who endeavor to find the truths within our stars and planetary configurations show up, in my notifications, *if only because these will usually be the*

underdogs, and wizards, if you ask me. But I think that their pursuit of spiritual truths is just as hopeful, and genuine, as any of the ones who profess conformity to rigid guidelines. Of course, this is the very thing that disenfranchises me from the Church ministers... *isn't your choices of food and drink in your personal life, your own business?* At least until you get hurt, or hurt someone? ***It's just that, Churches see everyone as a little baby, which needs careful guidance.*** Of course, that may be true, considering the rates of

alcoholism and drug addiction in my land today... The rates of people acting very unwise... Tobacco addiction. ***But, the secular spiritualist, or astrologer, to me is more surely focused upon the lessons, and truths in the stars and planets... in the constellations... in the cosmic cycles... and less in the morality play, or the sermonizing.*** Especially, this cyclic nature in the starry Heavens, I feel is important to the secular humanist. If you want to learn about the *Precession of the Solstice point, where the Sunn sets,*

upon the night sky horizon, through all of the signs of the zodiac, to return to where such began, ***then you have to access the truths of astrology.***

Twenty five years ago, I was writing a book, which at the time, I concluded was to be based in numerological constants, and meanings in our calendars. *So, each piece each had a number designating itself... and the journey, for me as a writer, and the close examination of these numeric constants, and significancies, was a course, for myself which I had to take.* I knew that the journey itself would

impart the necessary knowledge of those numeric meanings. And still today, these lessons remain. There are many numeric constants, in nature. ***If only we can get the math, and algebra worked out, we'll have a rule by which to know of similar values everywhere.***

Einstein figured out, that the energy of a thing equals the mass of the thing, times the speed of light squared. What a truth. Knowing of that illumines everything else. The number of petals in certain flowers, is known. The number of electrons and neutrons, and

protons which make up the atoms of all the elements in nature is known. The number of legs possessed by milipedes is known. There's another set of meanings, and significancies, involving the rate of spin of the planetary bodies in our solar system. Just as well. ***I have learned, in the past ten years, how the rate of spin of our star, the Sunn, is the cycle at the heart of the female human menstual cycle... they're both right at twenty six days.*** Does this mean that the female menstruation is based in the spin of

the Sunn? It might. *The scientists don't really have any conclusive way of knowing if this is true, or not. But, the correspondence is interesting.*

What do you think about this? Isn't this interesting? Correspondences happen, in nature for reasons we don't always understand. I wonder, what is the length of the menstrual cycle of other animals, like chimpanzees? Or canines? ***Well, another day, maybe I'll google it, and see for myself. But, not today.*** The study of nature is endless fun. A friend of mine knew cellular anatomy backwards and

forwards. He could tell you all about ribosomes, and Golgi bodies. We could always talk together, because I knew to ask questions, and listen. This was a part of our life, and operated as a principal that could always be utilized. *At any rate, I wanted to tell you everything I know about 'Reflections of Sol,' so I had to cover these thoughts. Now, you somewhat have my information.* Well, this article is coming to it's conclusion, so I'll wrap this writing up and send along your way now. All for now, Greg.

~

There's a type of sentimental season, an passing sentiment, which symbolizes a passing, and which comes up at times of loss, and which pertains, I think, to the inner workings of the mind... maybe, 'The super mind?' When I'm feeling particularly bewildered, especially after a loss, I'll be glad, and relieved, *to find some good messages from the within, from within my soul.* This comforts and soothes the doubts and fears, of a world, *that sometimes does the*

unexpected. There's another thing that brings me comfort... early television sitcoms, and game shows... variety shows. Most any vintage video or audio offers many assurances that we'll get through difficult times... *we got through two world wars, didn't we?* We just can't have a third world war... *we only know what we went through in the twentieth century.* I have recently had a death in my family. Any unsettled, or unsettling political circumstances, are, I think, only temporary. *We'll get through it.* I'll find comfort and solace in my digital

crafts, sampling, and writing, and editing... such as this journaling, or recording of my piano playing. This gross, sensual world is a menagerie... when you're doing any creative work, sampling, or writing, or editing, *you'll have to turn off the television... the beauties are simply too attractive... television is resplendent with great beauties,* and, when it's playing, there's no point in trying to keep your attention on your writing, because you'll be too distracted. At any rate. We all know the story, of how, '**When it rains, it really rains.**' **There'll be**

too much rain altogether. Losing one's parent is not the end... *I believe that Heaven mainly consists in an inner Communion...* That's all we really know of it. Occasionally there's a sign... **a crude scrawl in the sand, or a pile of stones, which someone's passage has left.** But, we know very little. Artistic projects choose who they wish to flow through, I think... such might not be always based in family lineage. *Artistic expression is a type of signal reception.* Especially, this might show up around afterlife passages, which

are significant to yourself. You might find a crown of thorns... or you might find an enormous field of clover... or some of both. *But, I think that when someone makes the passage to the Afterlife, they'll be very exalted, and their youthful glory will be regained.* I think that this is almost always true. **'Reflections of Sol,'** is an excellent title for a new book, at this time, because I think such points to numeric constants, which sometimes come up, in living. There are all kinds of numeric constants... everything from the precise number of protons,

neutrons, and electrons making up an atom of every known element... *to the hibernation term of the cicada insect.*

Numeric constants are a part of our lives. A ten gallon hat. A thirty gallon bucket. The regulation number of cards in a playing card deck. The official dimensions of a basketball court. Fixed values are in everything, from the weight and size dimension of a masonry brick, to the correct ratios of ingredients in building cement. *Numeric constants are in everything.* Down to the math and physics, which describe all of the behavior of

electromagnetic fields. *Consider, this prevalence of numeric values, of constants.* But, I think that our world is based in divine patterns, which show up as math, algebra, physics... *The thought that our physical world actually follows, or mirrors numeric patterns, I think is very profound.* Spiritualism is a very interesting study. Spiritualists, I think, believe that invisible people walk amongst us. Hindus, I think, believe that the Bhrama is the origin, and destination of every manifest thing, or being, or idea. This philosophy suggests that

we've all been living on Earth-like planets many times before, *and we will continually be reborn, and pass away, returning to Bhrama.* I've myself come to believe that the Universe is not a finite volume, but an Infinite volume. Therefore, there would always have to be an infinite number of habitable Earth like planets, in a similar evolutionary place as at this planet Earth. But, I'm told, how, *'We've got to take care of this planet here. **It's the only one that we have got to be concerned about.***' I'm getting these ideas down, partly

because of the Seasons, or Reflections of Sol. Sol is the life force, the energy source, *the radiant heat source at the heart of our solar system, around which all of our lives are derived.* Are we, as humans, really, the sharpest tools in the shed? Animals are lacking in the usage of tools, or written literature. Of course, humans are specialists at these two things. We can even control and manipulate the invisible electromagnetic waves, which are continually enfolding all life on Earth. You can't see them, or feel them, *but these waves contain the*

coded, music and literary heritages of this land. There are programs which can tell you of everything, and nothing. Micro wave signals surrounding our existences contain all accumulated human knowledge. Does this somehow mean that we are the Gods? Well, I think that we're just mortals. But, if we'll search our souls, and diligently 'inquire of the within,' we can enter into consciousness of the invisible hosts for real... Heaven is not an imaginary place, as some might claim... such is as real as you'll allow yourself to believe, and one day we'll

see it in technicolor. At any rate, these have been a few of my thoughts, on this second Saturday in December, this year. I really hope, that the important men and women that run our planet, and that make our systems work properly are pure of heart, and deed. *I hope that I can stay on my course, as well.* Well, the Good Lord has got it under control... (or He or She will, once the wait clears.) *That's an example of high functioning thinking right there, so I'm going to consider myself blessed already.* Well, these thoughts are coming to their

conclusion, in through here, so I'll wrap them up, and send along your way now. All for now, Greg.

~

Well, I'm sitting down to get some thoughts into this word processor, here on this third Monday in December, of twenty twenty five, this year. I can put a good cee dee on my bed side player, and just let my ideas unfurl, onto the page, and see what comes out. Especially, after difficult times, you can get to some writing, or journaling,

and so as to remember the time, include some mention of what was going on in the world. ***The encompassing season seems to engulf all contemporary ongoings, and they soon become forgotten... so writing, or journaling helps us to 'remember the day.'*** From the looks of things, the times, this year, are just about as perplexing, and bewildering as one could imagine... news of shocking mass shootings have come almost daily, for two or three days, and then, this morning, news of a grisly murder practically boggled my

mind... *such is enough to make someone like me want to run for cover. **But such are modern times.***

The weather temperature has been cold this morning... I think we got down into the teens last night. We're warming back up, today, and tomorrow. Just jotting these ideas down is a great deal of comfort... the communion which I find, just myself with my familiar spirit... ***is enough to keep me bent over this input device, looking for any sign, or sense from my within.*** There's nothing quite like writing, outwardly,

from an inwardly perspective... *my daily prayers are for me to be able to somehow make sense of this old world... and having a spirit guide is a necessity for this.* Well, with this December more than half way behind us, now, we're well into the festive season, *and most people will be finding, or making some Christmas gifts.* Most everyone will see family or friends at some point this holiday... this is partly where our thoughts will be. ***Getting some thoughts on paper, sorting my ideas out, will be something that I definitely***

want to do for myself. I've had an artistically very successful year this year, *so not only will I be thinking of sharing some of these projects, I'll be immersed in recent work, when I'm not listening to that of others, that is.* In a way, any time spent in communion, and togetherness with one's own inner spirit is a good thing... ***it helps to know some of the 'in roads,' to creative self development... such as this writing.*** I've written before, how this is sometimes like putting a canoe into a stream. All of a sudden, you become

part of a forward momentum... a *flowing continuum... you tend to plan ahead, and start thinking of finished equity.* For someone who's experienced at content development, this will be like stepping into a soft, familiar pair of shoes. *Try to keep in mind, how this is the ideal state to be in... beginning a creative project might even be sweeter than opening a Christmas gift to yourself.* Here, you are entirely in command of what the product is like, and you can make it as unique as you wish. Having a trusted, mediumistic familiar... and especially

in trusting his or her work... **you can just 'let go, and let God.'** As I'm getting this writing along down this page, I'm thinking of an Ideal future listen, when I get to listen closely to this played back... this somewhat immediately begins to brighten my moods. Slowly, I'll see the inner character of my new piece begin to form itself. ***This particular piece, will probably form the conclusion of the new part one of this 'Reflections of Sol,' audiobook.*** Getting this first chapter squared away will allow me to focus somewhat better

on getting gifts together... *when I can be in touch with what my friends and family want, as gifts, then I can make it happen.* I'll take pride more in a gift that I know will be appreciated. It's a warmth to gaze, from this bed, through my open window blinds, at the sunn dappled side of the adjacent house... *our sunn will be sinking across the drive way to the west soon. It's giving it's last full rays, here... night time will be cold... but not as cold as last night was.* But, we do try and hold onto any warmth and comfort which we can find... *when such seems to be in short*

*supply, externally, it helps a lot to just make one's self comfortable, and resting one's hands on a word processor keyboard, this allows for incremental building and developing... of essays, articles, and flowings... **and I think that it's interesting to just see what gets written.*** Tomorrow I'm expecting to get to a local clinic for a medical check up... this is something which we try to do every three or four months... just to check the basics, and make sure nothing has come up which needs attending to. ***I'll get this done, and be back here in no time,***

and then the next morning will be Wednesday... another week flying by. Well the time's almost supper time, and I'm looking forward to getting a bite to eat from the dining room across the driveway, in a few minutes. I've made myself a thermos of tea, and will go see about this food. Anyways, I was thinking about the forces of gravity, and time, *of how they equate to a downward force, uniformly around the planet.* I think, that it is true that certain practices and behavior can exacerbate, and consolidate these forces? Their

effects?

Tobacco usage, alcoholism, and narcotics might be a few.

Consolidation of gravity, and time is an interesting concept. I hope that, the vast net cast across the face of the planet doesn't ensnare me, or lead me into toil, or danger... that the Amazing Grace continues indefinitely, and that we continue to sing God's praise! And that we've no less days, than when we had first began. *We mortals can't know of quite what awaits beyond... but I know we'll sing something like this great hymn.* Well, I'm going to conclude this article, and

include it in with the others. I've got a better idea for the music soundtrack for this than I have had recently. So, I hope to implement this production, and be glad to listen back enchantedly. Well, all for now, I'll send this along your way now, Greg.

~

STARTING OUT, WITH A FEW THOUGHTS, I'll through this writing have something to work on at the health clinic. *This will give my mind grounding, and centeredness, and*

thereby help me be more calm. I was glad this morning to look at the latest chapter, and realize that such is complete enough to go on to the next chapter... this is a pleasant surprise, and I am getting right into this work for a new day. Today is Tuesday, the third one in December this year. Monday was a challenging day to get through... as we seemed to have to have to allocate so much of our free time to the bad news of the day. Today has started out easier, and I'm glad to get to this work, and feel like such is in the realm of the do able.

I've changed my accompaniment music which will go with this writing, *so this will now be the Hallows Sessions, and so far, the December Dream part two.* At any rate, today is starting with cold temperatures, in the twenties, and sunshine. Clouds are expected for tomorrow, so I would imagine colder, and some rain is expected for Thursday. That will probably be dreary. When this clinic appointment is behind me, I'll be freed up for the rest of the week. The migraine which I'm dealing with now, is on the right side of my face... by

seeing through the matted tangle of hair shafts behind my face surfaces, the associated follicles... their tenderness and pain... are allowed to rest more easily. Anyways, we'll be through with this shortly, and then we'll be back home. **It sure was good to spot the fix for that migraine... The Good Lord gave me a mind that can solve puzzles just like that.** In a perfect world, we'd never have pain, *but this is far from a perfect world.* I'll have to be contented with perfecting this writing... This is something small, that

I can actually do well. When I first started writing, using a word processor, in middle nineteen ninety six, I was working on some pieces that had come through 'automatic writing...' written out long hand, and edited, and filed, with my computer. *My Dad had gotten me the computer. I didn't know how to use it, until I made the mental connection, that it might could be a filing cabinet, for my written pieces.* **That was one of the light bulbs that had to come on in my life, to make use of the technology.** There were many others,

including the highlight copy paste function... you'd be amazed to learn how long it took for me to find this... *three years online, before I learned how to build website pages effectively.* Anyways, dumb, blind mistakes were every day, back then for me. *It was better I learned slowly.* Well, that's the short version, anyways. Our time is nearly around eleven thirty, and we'll be getting home, and lunch. This writing is coming along, such will be the first article in the second part of this audiobook. I'm going to try and use the latest music, to keep it

interesting... *this will make me be more interested in the work that I get... you see?* At any rate we're almost done with this... *If the waves will abide, that is... coming up the sides of our boat.* Our skies are blue... no clouds. Back home, I allowed myself a nap, seeing how this would clear my mind. *Consciousness of potentialities, in some, causes a case of corruption so bad... it just sometimes is the writer's 'worst nightmare.'* We hope that it's out of our system, by now. When the churning waves get so bad, I think that

the sunn salute is the best visualization exercise. **I'm very blessed to have a strong hand made portfolio, but yesterday's news hurt me, too.** We have immortal spirits, who we walk with, and always have to heed... *But you see my little brat self doesn't always grasp the seriousness of what we saw, so that little Dennis menace guy gets criticism from on high, for his laughter and jest.* It's just not ever going to be easy to make light of things... *as if such are only material for a comedy routine.* I agree, though, that laughing

is 'the best medicine' *but I don't want to worsen my already poor reputation.* Someone is always watching, and judging. **At any rate, it's our spiritual sides that need comfort.** *Dennis the menace just doesn't know much about what is the lowdown.* **He may never know.** Some people, everything they touch gets choked out with briars and thorns. Others, everything turns to gold, which can be it's own kind of punishment. Digital media work is not easy to do. It's hard on the mind, and gets hard on the heart. *But, if we see the glass as half*

full, and look on the bright side, we might be somewhat pleasantly surprised. But far better to toil in obscurity, than it's opposite. Enough said. My yoga stretch visualization can restore feeling to the side of my face, when such gets numb and throbbing. *Well, these have been some thoughts.* I'll put it away for a while, and rest. Returning to this software, now, I try and see past, or through the matted tangle of hair shafts behind my nose. *This is the only way I know to really get past this type of pain.* I myself know, beyond any doubt, that my style

of progressive rock piano *isn't the only*
agitating, or sinful game going, in the
world today. The style of music which
I was given back in nineteen ninety
nine is today something like banditry...
Something like a product which might
would otherwise be taxed stringently,
only, music isn't really taxed extra
today any more than coca cola, or
instant coffee. *These things, and*
many others, are luxury products
which do what they do, and may be
addictive, but they aren't treated
stringently, by the I R S. So, this is the
way many kinds of progressive metal,

or rock music is, as well. Ever since Gutenberg invented the printing press, which allowed for duplication of books, *people have enjoyed the benefits of widely available literature, such as the King James Bible, but some literature, is a bit of a 'guilty pleasure,' and may have esoteric properties.* I'll give you an example. A Theosophical text is one thing, and proposes to illumine the occult areas of the modern mind, *but what if that text was for instance, written by a character with a shady background?* Well the meanings, and actions of possessing, or reading the

book somewhat get murkier. **Audio and video products of many many kinds are always acting upon the minds of man in many various ways.** I think my reader should just be familiar with this, as one of the facts of life, *and remember that I'm not the only tool in the shed, much less the sharpest, nor dullest, nor most bizzare, or heaviest, nor effective tool in the shed.* There's a whole world of products of every kind of not just esoteric literature, but every kind of literature. I'm not the only one who's ever felt the stings of a

young reader having gone bad. Of course, I sure hope that such as that never happens, at all... *but if it did happen, then join the crowd.* You can make it through the rain, as the song says, *(and find yourself respected by the others who got rained on too, and made it through.)* So, in case you thought or made the assumption that the scales of justice were tilted, or slanted against you, *remember that that's just not true.* Open your mind, and eyes to the vast universe of literature which tries to be a positive influence in the lives of young people

today... *which doesn't just take your money and run, but which tries to impress with positive values.* There's a world of such literature, and that's not the end of the story, but just the beginning. **It sometimes gets difficult being an Advocate. This is so true.** At any rate, these words are spooling from out of my mind, into this word processor now, so I'll think about bringing them to a conclusion now. Have a good Wednesday tomorrow, and on into a festive pre Holiday weekend. All for now, Greg.

~

Sitting down, to see what might be just beneath the surfaces of my mind, I'm particularly impressed with how I sometimes make mistakes with people. ***'Oh, well, I've made this mistake before, and I'll probably make it again.'*** At any rate, today is the third Friday in December, this year, and I'm resting in the familiar rhythms of my journaling. This is a lot better than many people have, or can do. *So, I'm blessed, and this work, this path, is*

something to be grateful for. We've
got beautiful, brisk, sunny December
weather, and I feel fine this morning...
no pain. My artistic side really came
through for me this year... and made
me proud, as well. So, people are
proud for what little they have. *I've*
got a concerted path of my own, and I
want to remember that... one for just
me. The only thing that helps these
migraines is mentally putting my
hands and arms up past the sides of
my head and face, as in a sunn salute.
People think, that you think that you're
special, and that you think that you

have something they need. *So, this only makes them reject you more, and treat you wrongly.* Walking in consciousness and awareness of higher ascended beings, results in the person getting their nose rubbed in it. *Anyways, maybe you can dodge this outcome by being faithful in service... if you know how to give in the right way.* **If you don't, then maybe it will be the thought that counts.** *If our lives are based in positive intentionality, to do good, then won't this be what is seen?* I sit here, this afternoon, and scan my priorities and

particularities, to see if any coherent thought arises. My mind seems quite empty, *and so I try to rely on my rephrasing, and by reprising my purpose.* My life is happier today, than it's ever been... *but this is a life free from most responsibilities, and allowed to just be as the lazy breezes.* If I tried to keep up with the modern independent pressures, in this world, I'm quite sure that I'd lose my wits.

The Aliens, Ancestors, and Nature Spirits which inform my consciousness make my mind as dreamy and spacey as an easily

distracted child. But the pressures that I am under... pressures of managing my world music publishing, and written and spoken word publishing... are enough to make me easily upset. *The smartest ways here, are to keep to myself, and never ever open myself up to any real rejection ever happening.* It's true that some seasons center around gift giving, and while it won't hurt you to participate, you can't attach yourself to any particular outcome. If your common sense tells you that something is a lost cause, then it's much better to leave it

completely alone, than to try and influence someone's life. This is a good rule to live by. *Your own work advances, and prospers of it's own accord... such isn't reliant on the approval of others.* Your mastery is in all you do... such doesn't depend on outward praise, or adulation. Well, our time is after three pea em, and I'm going to put this writing away, and get my shower, now. Well, today is the next day, at a quarter to seven ay em, and this writing makes better sense than I thought it would. *You see, I subtractively shortened the opening*

few lines, and removed some distractions. This, I think, is the best thing to do, sometimes, and such produces a much more worry free reading experience. *Now, I might can get some writing done, if I'll focus my intellect onto the blank page.* But, I think that I tend to think a little faster than most people are ready to deal with. **So, this is why I keep my faculties involved, engaged in some kind of production. This helps keep me from making idle mistakes... such as getting worried, or worked up over the**

crazy things people say. This would not be acceptable. **February's a drizzly, cold hell.** But, a pretty December day like today is resplendent in the glories of the late year's festive grandeur. I'm telling myself, that when I need something to do, I can put digital descriptions on some family pictures, to pass the time. *But for now, it's this writer's voice which I like.* I've been my own best friend and confidant. Writing is one's own best nurturance. At any rate, I take comfort there... as I'm doing right now. *Especially when my usual*

answers run dry... or, for instance, if there's an instinctual drive, which I'm somewhat trying to get around, or out of altogether. Why, did you know, that when a person is in their late fifties, and into sixties, there might yet be strong, profound leanings toward marriage and children? Precisely because, this age is young. (Compared to those who are in their eighties, and nineties.) So, if you see a scowl, on an older guys face, it's probably not because of anything you have said or done. There are forces which shear and tear at old men and

women... *which try, like a last ditch campaign, to make matches.* The best one can do, ultimately, is to try and smile and make the best of it. At any rate, on a morning like this one, I myself might find one of the definitive video about the sure gradual rise and many various falls, of western civilization. *For instance, what we're seeing right now, I think, is a shift in the easy availability of micro chips, and rare earth elements.* Additionally, the near Earth orbital environment is beginning to grow too crowded by small satellites, and pieces of matter

whizzing around at 10,000 miles per hour. People used to have days to make orbital and trajectory changes before collisions... now, there are mere hours, even minutes. *Anytime you send manned craft into orbit, or try to get around in near Earth orbit, the risks are going to be involved... the risks of overcrowded space.* **I've been impressed with this before, and I've been impressed again.** The popularity contest, in my part of the world, apparently comes in increments... there may be a type of expanding, and contracting to which

we owe a lot... *they say our Universe, (In other words our worlds,) starts with a Big Bang, and expands outwardly, and contracts again, into another Bang.* Well, I work almost all of the time. I rest for three days, maybe, and then I'll get back to work. ***Or maybe it's just a rumination, about the hypothetical thoughts of the Lapplandic caribou.*** Oh, and I can tell, that I'm currently at the outward limits of my own most recent expansion phase. *Part of me starts reflecting on a recent philosophical digression, in which we look and see*

what types of behaviors, and products, exacerbate, and consolidate the actions of aging, and gravity. In remembering this meditation, I can pretty conclusively say, that some behaviors, such as that, are the very essence of 'mental illness.'

Psychosis, schizophrenia, depression, suicide... these illnesses affect individuals without asking permission first. For, instance, in nineteen ninety nine, I let myself get duped into thinking that I could do that type of music, and try and drink alcohol, and smoke, and take

pills... while I'm supposed to be on my psychiatric medicines... **I got dupped.** *For that matter, aren't drinking alcohol, and smoking tobacco very closely related to mental illness, themselves? Who in their right mind would do those things? **It would have to be someone who was seriously interested in 'cutting to the chase.'** Because those behaviors might qualify as self destructive behaviors. (To a doctor, or analyst.)* The Native Peoples of the Americas used tobacco, of course... **but it was the**

Europeans who introduced them to the alcoholic beverages. The

alcohol later became one of the biggest weaknesses of poor native Americans on reservations. *But we all have our own little 'shall not's.'* Even the good pastor of the church, has to stay away from the sensualities of the eyes, for instance.

There are a proliferation of groupies in the social media... like I was mentioning before, someone at their age of late fifties is still a spring chicken compared to the really old folks... **there's a surge of the instinctual urges, for someone**

at my age, that's for sure. Many young ladies would like an older man. *But, my fixed income wouldn't go very far at all, split three ways, with a child, or a teenager.* So, these are just some of the things that are on my mind this morning. These thoughts, herein are somewhat beginning to come to their logical conclusions, now, so I'll wrap them up and add in with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

I approach the empty page, this

morning, with the hopes that I can learn of the hidden aspects of my own mind in this world... *and the chances of any higher understanding, are enough to keep me interested in this self work program indefinitely.* I think that the real thing that I'm dancing around, this morning, *is the great worry of telepathic love, as such* **'can't even run operate his own life, so don't try and run mine.'** Or some such polarization. *Or maybe, what I'm shown is what is seen as an opportunity to be divisive, or conversely, an opportunity to come*

together, in unison... so which will you choose? A difference, or a disagreement, or an concert of harmonious agreement? Or maybe this thought is operant:, how, *'There will always be a tacit disagreement between the sexes, and that is really all that separates us.'* ***'If it wasn't for our tacit disagreement, around human sexuality, then we would have nothing, at all.'*** There isn't any good guy, or bad guy, ***'We just disagree.'*** Here is the truth: 'If I've formed some kind of negative self opinion, within myself, then

automatically, that's what others always tend to go by, and see in myself.' Any depth of feeling, or character within myself should be directed towards being **'strong despite the tears,'** which is good advice. So you should be able to see my perspective, through that. ***'I'm really just glad to know enough to make lemonade from out of the lemons, no matter what.'*** **'No one's struggling with anything, except for an apparent feminine contrarian.'** 'The time must be unsettled, this morning,' I conclude to

myself, and I think that such appears to come down to the differences between you and me. **'Why don't you just think about something different?'** That's really the winning question, if you ask me. *At the soul of myself is a full fledged willingness to take difference and separation, and turn such into beautiful, blissful music.* This will always be the recourse, for any life that tries to be who and what he or she is, **not who or what people's expectations appear to dictate of himself.** Any currents of division, will always get transmuted

into episodes of pure music. *Music shared in a common culture of agreement, and harmony is a good act of defiance, against 'dinner disagreeing with me.'* (Inter species differences, are to me, always at the root of mankind's problems... why else is there such a strong vegan culture in our world today? And, 'Can you take the vegetarian challenge yourself?'"When there are such delicious roasted meats to eat?') I think that the challenge mankind is faced with, is in somehow learning the way to grow in a laboratory the savory

aromas, and flavors, of cooked meat...
and to give unto this product a
convincing texture, and taste, to
emulate the cooked meat of animals.

***'If mankind could accomplish this
one thing, then I believe that our
collective troubles and grievances
would be no more.'*** Technically,

'You've seen the truth, now... will you
live by it's principles?' ***When we
have not only a wide range of
fruits and vegetables, as well as
nuts and berries, and grains,
(including jellies and jams, and
candies, like chocolate,) but dairy***

products, such as eggs, cheese, and cream, and milk... don't you see what I'm getting at? But you crave the aroma, and taste, and texture, and filling qualities, of real meat. **After all, you're a carnivore.** These don't appear to be hollow, empty words, do they? They're full of meaning and significance. *Yet our diets tell us that we've got to learn to 'Smile, and enjoy the good meat.'* I tell myself, I'm shy of most everything that makes a loud noise, or moves fast. What this might mean for me, is, *that we need sane and humane ways of euthanizing, and*

slow terring animals, without causing them to panic, or to be afraid. To animals, the savory aroma of meat cooking, I would imagine, smells like death. Maybe, we could take the Fenta nill off the streets, and instead administer it to ranch animals, to ease their distress around slaw ter. So, won't you come along to the Vegetarian world, or will you continue as a carnivore? Since we're carnivores, animals aren't seen as our brothers, and sisters... *maybe more like distant relations, of indefinite nature.* So, you've seen and

understood now. *Maybe this will be enough to keep your heart and soul safe and sound. (Nature's probably against the mass slaughter of animals, due to the ways of our wasteful food industry.)* Well, I've put some thought into this topic, now, so I'll put this away, for a while, until I can arrive upon new understanding. Well, our lunch was good, and filling... **and yes we had some meat... chicken.** But the pasta salad was really better. Our time is twenty minutes before one, *on this mild, but damp Winter's Solstice, the day at*

which point our Earth's days gradually begin to grow longer... and nights, shorter. I appear to have received a stern lecture about vegetarian beliefs... so what does that tell me? My Mom died a month ago, and she's telepathically saying how she might would still be alive, if we had been more vegan. But, we weren't. Well, at any rate, our sky has high hazy white cloud cover, this afternoon. I'm telling myself, also, that I might would do just as good, to get a nap this afternoon. Maybe I should resign myself to sleeping more... maybe, I'd do less

damage, that way. Anyways, I can get these words coming to their gradual conclusion, in through here. I'll send this writing along your way, now. All for now, Greg.

~

Sitting down inside, on this sunny and brisk, breezy late December morning, I'm going to try and see what's on my mind, today, if anything. *These words are good reassurance that my spirit is willing, and this morning, this puts me somewhat ahead of the game, already.*

I desire but to put this higher accessional principle into practice, this morning, **so I'm very blessed and glad to be seeing this.** Today is the fifth Monday in December, and I'm going to get along into this article, while I'm getting over to our office for my monthly medicine. *Already, I'm highly blessed to see these words coming together so well.* My devices and software definitely appears to be functioning well, and this lets me be my best, *without having to worry myself over the technical hurdles involved in writing my thoughts out.* If

you think about it, this is nine tenth of the journey, already. **My family has been behind me this whole way.**

Anyways through this 'working with' my own best natures, these family factors have really 'come through for me.'

Anyways, yesterday my good wits were really 'there,' and 'came through,' as well.

Without the inner aptitude, and motivation to improve my own lot, having the other good wouldn't help much. *What is really good, is to know, beyond doubt, that the best I might can do, mentally, is to see my inner self right.* In other

words, allowing my face, and sinus awareness to get beneath the matted tangle of hair shaft follicle roots, that are so sore and tender, ***might be the only visualization that I really need right now.*** There are many memories in my past, of my twenty, to twenty five years old self, struggling and vainly striving to solve my consciousness puzzles... ***mainly that of 'why I felt so bad, and didn't have peace in those years?'*** But, this happened only when the 'curse was reversed,' and such might be for you as well. *You might blunder into*

your answer... you never really know.

The main thing to remember is that peace does come to you... *everything and everyone resets, at the end of the term, regardless, so you should be aware.* At any rate, I'm sitting here feeling grateful, at how my right answer has always '**shown me the way**' eventually, in my mediumistic journey... **and it will for you, too.**

Well, it's good to be along on our way back to the home, now. Home again, is nice. *It's nice as well to have some concerted ideas together, for inclusion into this audiobook chapter.* I get

situated for a few minutes in order to get them down. Then I'll have to run, to get to our dining room for our medicines, and a sandwich. **After that, I can rest.** I was thinking, lately, about the many journeys of life, and about the depth of time required for knowledge to form... *and of the way that worlds of life have of always spotting the answer, eventually... and of turning the situation around, when presented with the 'solution factors.'* *and being shown this way.* Perhaps you will have known of the '**fabric of inter connectivity**' where life somewhat

comes together. Are you drawn towards life? **Or are you drawn away from life... into shadows?** Having (1) a strong guardian spirit looking after your best interests, in the netherworlds, might make all of the difference, between an active, productive spiritual life, and one which lies dormant for the entirety of your existence. You have to (2) be able to look out for yourself, and learn the right polarity, the right steps to take, when faced with the void of nothingness. *Learning the 'minimizing of the self,' which is the*

key to mediumship, can be the key which turns the lock. But, you have to (3) *have discernment, to recognize those which only want to take advantage of your heightened receptivity... and waste your time, and ensnare you into conflict. **There should be a good home group, where your actual best interests are looked after.** Having these three aspects of your spiritual relationship somewhat squared away makes the difference... **have you done this inner developing of your sight kick faculties?** Those who have, will be*

the higher achievers... **only, is this of any greater value to us than the others?** You just might be geared more around your family life, than any productive output. Did you ever think about that? Not all home systems are peaceful. A few will have problems in the neighborhood. If your life has a parasitic criminal attached to it, your life and times might get considerably darkened. *When your home life is beset with those who seek to annoy, and persecute, and waste your time, that home group tends to get blamed for the actions of the parasitic other,*

who may also be attached. *It's hard to find a place of good peace and quiet, on the 'Home front,' for those who develop content for a global audience. If you have done this, however, and this is a precious thing... you tend to be highly productive. (And this, too, can be where a 'digital divide' forms, between the 'haves,' and the 'have nots.'* ***But, if you'll really look at it, the difference between the haves and have nots is measured solely in happiness. Happiness is the ultimate prize, and such has unmistakable***

positive life blessings.) At any rate, my life has shown this to be true. We've had some happy home times, to be sure. *I can't really think of any adult group home, where I've lived, in the last twenty three years, where we weren't almost always happy.* We've had some good times, in general, all within assigned homes, and families, and roommates. *It makes you wonder if the Mental Health Care system might not know more about how my life should be lived... how to do my things... better than I myself do.* Just some thoughts, on this brisk Monday

late afternoon, just before I get over to our dining room for my evening meal. I've been so busy writing, that I've forgot to get my shower this afternoon... so I'll take care of that when I get back here, and can then focus fully on this writing. When I really stop and think about it, having a publishing platform gives to me a voice in the world environment... ***such is not a thing to take for granted... Instead, I want to be mindful, and remember to use this power wisely.*** At any rate, I did have a few troubles in coming into such a

voice as this, especially in my twenties decade, and into my thirties. This time was leading up to and around the Millennial time period, and I had a lot of challenging artistic work, trying to get out. I think that my 'Ocean Rose,' sketch which I was given in nineteen eighty eight, was, and still is, the archetype that stands for that time, at an awakening to a poetic childhood, which was somewhat destined to have to learn some things the hard way... *this being somewhat like what the boat symbolizes, over the girls head... the alcoholic ancestry had such*

*complete sway over my life, and time, for the decade of my twenties. **There was no way to get around it. It was a time of fading childhood. Perhaps alcoholism itself is a persistent pattern of childishness, expressed into adulthood.*** The 'Down the Road,' piece, from August of twenty twenty four, is simple, and symbolizes, to me, the fully grown self, *which has only to lean on, and rest in, the foretaste of Heaven... where we're all bound... some sooner, some later... and the inevitability of old age.* Perhaps there's a third piece, the

'Kora' piece from November of twenty twenty three, *which symbolizes the inner persona... the little one in the middle, **who actually feels the joys and pains, of living, firsthand.*** But 'Kora' has a voice, by which she directs herself in the world. *She symbolizes the melding of imagination and reality... and conducts her life from an inwardly perspective.* The self is poorly understood, but it is said that the pineal gland is the seat of the soul. ***But, one's inner voice, if there could be said to be such a thing, I think, is centered at the vocal***

***center, and the glottis... the
tounge, and larynx.*** So, these
three kinds of ways of seeing the self
are what I'm given. One, the
childhood self, it's fading ways, two
the inner persona, which gradually
makes its ways through innumerable
life experiences, and actually
experiences the pains and joys of life,
firsthand... and thirdly, the 'Dweller on
the threshold...' which but awaits the
return voyage... unto the collective
unconsciousness, and the Great Soul,
of mankind. '**Ocean Rose,**' the child,
'**Kora,**' the first hand experienter, and

the girl in '**Down the Road,**'
somewhat the Dweller on the
Threshold, awaiting life imperishable,
and immortality, as we think of such.
These are the three which I think
symbolize the self, at it's different
stages... through the etheric eyesight,
this is what's seen. *In other words,*
through such I'm a swirl, a girlish
entity, in a slipstream. A type of
feminine energy, an aerodynamic
flowing. At any rate, I've been working
on this article since this morning, and
have nearly brought it to its
conclusion. The ideas are winding

down to their finish, and I'll bring this writing to a close, now. All for now, Greg.

~

Sitting, to write, and to think, this second day of January, this new year, I'm genuinely glad to have gotten out of my sleep, this morning, on time. To have this word processor software on this smart device, is a direct, working connection with my Higher Power... I get right to work on composing a few paragraphs, and thereby having some

work going. If I had forgotten what it's like to have all new thinking, going onto a notebook page, then this is a good reminder... such is something which has never been seen before... *and is usually an all new journey for the writer...* a new beginning, with its new trappings, and vestiges. **'That sounds pretty good,' I think to myself.** At any rate, our morning is cloudy, we're expecting rain tonight, and I'm inwardly hoping that I'll get to stay in the apartment. 'I've no needs, beyond here,' I tell myself. Of course, medicine and meals are a part of any

time. ***I'm just glad to have a sense of purpose, in this writing... such is incomparable, and irreplaceable.*** I think that it's really good to be past the seasonal, and new year's hurdles, and to see the new writing, coming along, like this. This puts me ahead, no doubt. I'll be glad to see what can be done, with this morning... *whether I can finish the latest chapter, and in what way?* I've gotten some piano playing and recording done this week - **this comprises a new album, I'm calling 'Silver World.'** This is, of course, my

pride and joy, although such is diminutive, and plaine... just a collection of solos, without any bright production values... just a set of ten solo jams, me playing my keyboard. But, this is enough newness to animate my senses, and give a nice new beginning, along with the New Year. Anyways, I get occasional glimpses, of just how much I enjoy my beverages, such as my black tea brew... *and this morning, I'm conscious of this pain, which is sometimes like a craving, for that which I desire.* I'm a recovered nicotine user. I gave up

tobacco eleven years ago, then used minimal dosage vaping for eight years, *and managed to get out of the nicotine game entirely more than two years ago.* You have to be able to stare down a craving. This is something like, being happy enough, with my artist's path, **and being satisfied enough to have and appreciate having better things to think about.** But, I do still deal with occasional cravings. But, tobacco would only be the death of me, for sure. I just have to muscle on past these cravings, *and having a strong*

*tea brew, is a good substitute for the nicotine I sometimes miss. At any rate, on a morning like this one, I feel somewhat like I've got a fur lined inner esophagus... and these fur follicles hurt, and feel currents of change much like a weather vane... I'm hurting this morning. But, life goes on. So I'm thinking about a fine, precise discrete tee square, at the tip of my tongue... and imagining my pain dissolving... that's all that it takes, to get me past the hurdle, this morning. **This is a type of 'breath work,' as others have spoken of...***

***a progressive, forward moving
into wellness, and better feelings.***

I do get pains, and deep aches. Any changes come with good and bad, and sometimes such seems to look to myself like a kind of 'weather tron,' a *computational method, of watching which way the wind is blowing, and asking myself, 'How best can I get in step, with this change, this morning?'* The pain is like a level meter, or indicator, *which can show, or illumine the approximate attitude of the particular chaos.* This time of year will have a few chaotic emergencies. I tell

myself, that just because the New Year is fairly pleasing to myself, doesn't mean that catastrophe doesn't happen somewhere... many many people will be travelling, getting from point a to point b... *an accident does happen at some time or place, somewhere... and then we all know of it.* Last New Year saw several bad calamities and accidents... *I hurt, just remembering the pains of that season.* A new year doesn't necessarily mean that such is pleasing to everybody. You see, we're trying to think, conceptually, in a slightly different manner... **twenty**

twenty six is a somewhat new picture, if only in the ending six... so the way we think of ourselves, in this time, is slightly different.

I've often thought how we might see a slight ecchoance of the nineteen twenties, and thirties, and fourties, as we make our ways along into this century. By nineteen fifty, I think that we thought that we were pretty sophisticated... the fifties were something of my parents generations' 'coming into their own,' and perhaps our thirties, and fourties will arrive similarly, by our fifties. What do you

think? But, we're not there yet. *Twenty six, for those born around the Millennium, is a coming into adulthood.* **Especially I see maturity beginning around the twenty thirties, for the Millennium babies.** Maybe I see this way, because I myself had so many new christenings around the century turning period... *new music albums, and written projects, that were part of, inseparable from, the time that that was, then.* My thoughts around these projects are fully grown, I might could say. So, my thoughts around my old

age appear to be easier, than they might would have seemed, twenty years ago... *the challenges of maturity seem much less today.* We'll get through it. If anything, the science of medicine and nursing is grown more advanced, and sophisticated, and I'm so much more confident in these institutions, *and will be sure and rest in any care I may need.* At any rate, you can see these are my thoughts this morning. *Partly because of the calendar, the new start is letting me see my all in a more circumspect way... so this is somewhat the hope of*

any new writing, at a time like this.

Because of the primacy of this writing, and this circumspect time, I think that my stomach is cramping just a little bit... *getting a group therapy class meeting in before lunch, will most likely get this cramping to move behind.* Anyways, I'm glad to have gotten the issue solved, and can rest in what doesn't mystify me so much, now... *just a good, group therapy.* A chance to connect, and see how I myself am acting in respects to the others. *That's part of working on this project which is 'myself.'* At any rate,

just some thoughts. I think, that the lesson which I'm taking away, from the session, today is how, similar to what the Pastor of the church might would say, '***We may not feel ourselves to be ready, for a love this strong, such as a relationship with God is.*** Or, I may not feel worthy, or it's my low self opinion, in some ways. But, the Pastor tells us, '*God sees past our sin, and weakness.*' '*God sees us as worthy, only, are we able to believe in ourselves, to see ourselves as saved.*' '*We're saved, by Grace.*' '*None of us has earned our salvation.*' '*It's*

proffered us, by Grace.' And, that's a strong idea. People have been receiving a better life, from their Higher Power, for centuries... for Millennia... when they're accepting of themselves, and willing to receive the blessings. *That's partly why we have group therapy meetings, for as to allow that good Higher Power, and Collective will to speak through ourselves, to show us the way.* At any rate, these are some of what I can see from my vantage, this morning. We're all seeking balance, in our lives, and freedom from cravings and

addictions is many of our primary concern. And that doesn't have to be a lonely path. We should remember, that we'll make the right choice, when we have to. ***Whoever we are, we'll do that, or else we wouldn't still be in this world.*** If I've struggled with depression, addictions, suicide, or schizophrenia, I'll be very familiar with these types of things, and I'll be trying to find a better way... ***trying to live differently, now.*** *I'll be in the midst of making my recovery from these problems. So, such will be a recovery path.* Occasionally, the ego... the

little man's self, inside the heart... gets disruptive. I've found such to be a problem, as others have. *It's the kingliness, and righetousness of the person, which is capable of administrating to, and changing gears, between the lower, ego self, and the higher person's full competency.* Getting into alignment with one's higher self usually involves being receptive, and able to make note of the smallest of impulse. I've reinforced this idea through my years... receptivity. But, if I didn't have a typist's nature, I'd have to

think faster, or use a dictaphone, and verbalize my thoughts into recordings. This is essentially what I do with my piano, when I'll sit down to make some recordings... *as long as the recorder's running, then the recording way makes sense to me.* With the modern attention demanding jobs, and needs for good cashiers, and computer operators, anyone can get ensnared... it may seem like only a matter of time, before a person's inner, or ego self gets conflicted and disruptive... or there's a clash between the inner world, and the outer... *But that inner*

*self, I think, can reflect many different backgrounds. But, such an experience confirms in myself, that such can work out, **and how we need to always stay open, to self forgiveness.** At any rate, these are just thoughts, to illustrate the ways that the inner and the outer worlds, don't always agree. Attention deficit disorders, suggest that what is to be studied, or attended to is problematic. ***But, the effective administrator, can go between the different worlds which we have to attend to.*** Any kind of discomfort can give you a migraine. I've had*

ocular migraines which are sometimes so bad, that I've had to give up a work position to someone else. It's easy to be comfortable on ones writing couch, thirty minutes before your supper meal... what gets mind numbingly, and blindingly bad *sometimes are when there is somewhere else the person wants to be.* But if a yoga stretch visualization is one's optimum state of being, regardless, then this is what he or she is going to run unto. *I think, that this is writing which I will want to read.* So, In finishing this article, I'll try and

think of a closing flourish with the fiber of my being... but if the writing itself is too much of a distraction, to what ever it is I'm doing, then... *well that's my main spiritual practice... the getting into words of my thoughts.* But, the piano recording I can do, and articulating of my thoughts are both options which are open to myself, as I'm in good standing. **I would say that there are as many practices as there are grains of sand at the seashore.** I just don't like when the ego self becomes disruptive. At any rate, these have been some thoughts.

I'll see just *'how they shine in the Halls of Shamballa,'* when I've listened back to them as audio text. All for now, I'll send this writing along your way now. Greg.

~

In getting part two of this 'Reflections of Sol,' audiobook further, or to it's completion, I am given to reflect, indeed, on just what goes into making insightful, illumined thinking, onto the page. On a morning such as this one, I'm remembering to be grateful, and to

pay attention to the actual thought flow. I can easily see how, '***The best defence is a good offense,***' so my personal critics, I'm imagining, are coming out kind of strongly against me, this morning. The debate, around values is getting off to a robust start, I can tell... I might could speculate, that I've invented someone to challenge certain liberal positions within my own heart... as a way of illuminating the flaws in my own thinking... **my own kind of critics class, to make me question some of my held beliefs.** In a way, finding oneself being

criticized by much stronger thinkers than myself, is a blessing... without the constructive criticism, I think that I'd really be lost, then. So, I think that we can see one's peaceable critics as blessings, ***and as ideas that honour the spirit of debate.*** I've always known how some of the local pastors, and ministers are very strong in literary values... *but I've not felt so personally criticized since my sinful years in the decade of the nineteen nineties.* I guess that the point I'm making, is that we're blessed anytime some one will shine a light into our

darkened corner... we know how with our own ways of resisting the hypothetical arguments against our ways of thinking, and believing, we'll be able to generate some counterpoint discourse, if only to admit, that **'I'm not worthy of such strong ideas, as our good Lord brings to my consciousness, this morning.'** **'I appreciate the potter's hand,'** as this somewhat elevates any lump of clay. No doubt about it, these are some of the strongest ideas I've been shown in more than a year. But, unlike my lifestyle in some of the previous

decades, I'm in these days in pretty good standing... **I'm not popping pills to get high, or having any part of pornography... so I'm on the cart, with the others, right?** Sometimes real light shines through into my mind's shadows, and the discourse which arises, then, far exceeds my standard fare literature content, **and I feel really included in the conversation... shown consideration.** I think that the Spirit's ways sometimes consist in uplifting us, partly by holding us down... as in receiving a small,

controlled dosage of a pathogen, so as to build in us the resistance to that substance. This is the transformative work of the Spirit, and when one is brought into this entrained, resistive community, ***then, to myself, the friendship and love only builds and grows.*** This shaping, and molding of the clay... this kind of homeopathy, and reverse psychology, basically, *may not be standard doctrinal guidance, but it's supported by some science.* It's true that getting vaccinated, for instance, involves administering a controlled dosage of

the pathogen, to build in the person a resistance... is this not somewhat in line with Christian principles? Science and faith do meet, in countless ways, I think, anytime that we see math or algebraic formulas as telling us of precisely how a uniform electromagnetic field behaves in a vacuum, for instance... ***this harmony between math and our explicate world has always fascinated me.*** Einstein's most famous equation, (*the 'Energy of a thing is equal to it's mass, times the speed of light squared,' equation,*)

somewhat epitomizes this clear light, of truth, which can be discerned at the juncture of math and physics... the manifest world, as understood algebraically. You can start at Newton's laws of motion, which explain how any object's motion relates to the forces acting up it. *Inertia, for instance, is the first... and goes something like, 'An object tends to remain at rest, or in motion, in a vaccum, until acted upon by outside force.'* The first law of thermodynamics, goes back to a man named *Sadi Carnot*, back in the middle

nineteenth century, who found the properties and behavior of matter states, at extreme temperature, in our universe, going by mathematical principles, based in that physics, of hot and cold. *At any rate, they tell me, how matter behaves in strange wonderful ways as it becomes cooled to near absolute zero...* I think that this type of quantum computing, using qubits, rather than bytes, at very cold temperatures, is at the heart of modern physics, and science, *and goes way beyond the supposed Intelligence Quotient approached by*

*Optical Character Recognition, or whatever may be the software implementations that make predictive text writing assistants work. My understanding is just very limited... to me, the height of my intelligence are the words it uses, to express itself... but in quantum computing, we're finding out that the **'World of Imagination,'** is truly at the heart of math, and physics... suggesting that our beliefs in, and perception of an object gives it its quantitative existence. Our beliefs shape our realities. **You can't observe a***

particle, without altering it's spin... its properties, and behavior.

Talking about the mathematical constants which underlie our means of communication, our English language, for instance, really sets my mind to thinking.

This subject is known of as 'Information theory,' and is my main fascination.

But what is being seen in quantum computing, I think, is something like the discoveries were to us from man's first orbital space flight, and his actually walking on the moon.

Are we not, effectually conversing,

*and talking... interacting with... with God the Creator... all of Time and Space? We can model, and examine the behavior of exotic states of matter at near absolute zero... **so, then, we've grown into having a kind of picture window into the innermost secrets of the space over time matrix.** It's this ability to model, visually these exotic states of matter, that have got the scientists buzzing. Additionally, quantum computing will allow rapid solving of very complex time and distance computational problems, such as is involved in air*

traffic controlling, and is seen in finding effective solutions, in shipping, for instance... where certain things are allowed, and others are not... and all the shipments have to arrive in the quickest time, in the most efficient way. Well, this is how such has been explained to me, at any rate. I'm considering myself genuinely blessed by the strong, authoratative thinking that has reached into my heart this morning, and I hope that this writing is what we wanted. Well, I've found how, writing such as this, points to the coming five years, if anything... I'll

come into richer appreciation of the laws of not just motion, and mass, but thermodynamics, ***in peeling back the layers of the veritable tree of life, in being so expressly impressed by the Good God of our Universe... at how He will share His secrets, if asked in just the right way.*** Well, the lute, and guitar music playing on my bed side victrola is an enchanting look... *a journey into the 'Continuum' of our human journey, from crude rough matter, to the enlightened harmony of our modern society.* I think that it's true,

how there's '*Nothing new,*' *under the sunn,* **and we've found already, the Temple of the Immortals... what remains is for us to speak, and share, and live our lives through such blessings, and bounty.** Well, I can see these ideas coming to their logical conclusion, in through here, so I'll wrap them up now, and add in with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

Finding some good concluding thoughts for this chapter, I'll sit to

write a bit, while I wait for our line to shorten, this morning. We've got a beautiful, sunshiney, breezy and cool morning, now. We're expecting rain and drizzle for the next few days, (*or at least, that's what they've got in the forecast,*) but at least we've got some sunn to start with. Today's something like the first working day of the new year, the start of the first working week of January. I'm thinking mainly that I want to get some house cleaning done... starting with emptying all of the trash, then getting to sweeping and mopping. But, I can get some

writing in, in between the housework. These thoughts will be, something like the conclusion of Part two of my latest audio book. You may see some leaves in the trees, even in January... but they're the Ivy and the Mistletoe... *which use the tree as their host, and use it's water and minerals.* I'm very glad, this morning, to be where I'm supposed to be... and that things appear to be 'business as usual.' I can't tell you how good it is, to be somewhat 'taken for granted,' my new record, **'Silver World,'** and this audiobook chapter's latest seen as just

aspects of my present, *not as psycho social issues.* So, blessings are abundant. You may find a tangle of uncertainties... or you may find an enormous field of clover... hinging largely, on just how you've got your recent work squared away. *If you're happy with your work, it will be much easier to rest in. Don't for get it, or take for granted the having of such problem free work.* At any rate, I've just thought of something else that I need doing, chore wise, so I'll put this writing aside, and do that. It's good to be where I'm supposed to be, and to

be accounted for. If someone were to ask me, 'How is your writing coming?' I'd be able to claim some approval. What, in my opinion, is the source of the light, and dark aspects of the world today? I think, that so often, people get told that they think some way about themselves, or they adopt some wrong view of themselves, which is false, and ruinous to them. ***I think that our biggest problem, is when people get told wrong ways to think about themselves, and about the purpose and meaning in life, in general.*** Some of our young men,

will believe whatever they're told to believe... and you have to ask yourself, '***Where is your critical thinking ability?***' '***Why is your self analysis taking a vacation?***' I think, we've got to emphasize priorities, in our living. *Certain types of experiences, make in us the belief that there's nothing more precious and valuable than feeling good.* That type of experience is this: **Being deprived of feeling good, naturally, and having to pursue such artificially.** If you've lost sight of the bliss in your life, you'll seek it

like the very breath in your lungs. Aristotle, I think, called any problem that you can't ignore, which takes up your time, and attention, a **Prime Mover**. He expressed, that this is, believe it or not, the source of religion. Perhaps, he meant, that such is the source of religiosity, instead. In our society, some young men, we subject to something that might be called a 'schizoid ordeal,' ***in which he or she has to subjugate his will, and ego, to the common good of the society.*** Isn't this what prison is, for a young man? Maybe the 'schizoid

ordeal,' is the 'alternative' to prison, for some men. *Someone who I read, diligently, as a young adult, and whose words I took to heart, was Joseph Campbell.* His main motto, in his career, as a writer, was **'Follow your bliss.'** He I think rightly believed that, **'Feeling good, naturally, is something of more value than silver, or gold.'** So, you see, in our society, how backwards, and off track some paths may get, or become. I myself feel that the other great rule, I have found, is **'Know thyself, and to thine own self be true.'** This is why

if we believe what we're told to believe about ourselves, what society tells us to, ***without closely determinining our priorities, from our first hand investigation, we get in trouble.***

But, look at this. My mind got so off center, and imbalanced, just in writing these words, now, that It takes a yoga visualization, of upstretched arms, and of *'Pressing of the trapped air molecules out from the corners of our nose, and mouth, with the sides of our fore arms, like a cat,'* to dispell the migraine fixation. So I don't know. *But you see, what is most important,*

after all, in keeping my personal balance. Not a high salary job, strictly. (Although tools and instruments, and appliances are necessary... very necessary... in crossing distances of life, easily... to get to such a place of knowledge, and experience.) Even in writing this essay, I rely on my smart device, and my Writer Plus software app is the only software tool out there, I've found, which will both save every change you make, and allow you to stroke by stroke go back into a compositions past. Such allows for easy filing and storage of typed notes

to your phones memory, as well.

'Sometimes I feel like I have all the answers, and other times I feel like a stinking skunk, that no one would want around.' Knowing

and understanding this, fills you in on how good of a morning this present one is.

We've got everything, practically, working optimally. Our

group has met my own goals, and exceeded them, and I hope our

individuals have met theirs too. Well,

I'll wrap this writing up, and add it in with the others, now. All for now,

Greg.

~

Some people say, 'You're not conscious in death.' (Of life.)

Other people say, 'You're not conscious in life.' (Of death.)

***Different people-
Different sayings.***

I say, 'You're conscious of both.' (In both.)

'Many possibilities in death!'

'Many possibilities in life!'

-Greg R Norton

'A literary type is anyone who would rather read, than engage with a physical person.'

-Greg R Norton

I SIT, THIS EVENING, AND TELL myself that I'm going to deal with this migraine, by putting a few thoughts onto this word processor screen. I press play, on a recording of mine... almost right at the top of the hour, this

evening. **This is one of my favorite records... It says a lot without saying anything.** I'll put this writing away, and, hopefully, be happy with my first paragraph. I've been pretty surprised, how some of my records from the past hold up, when given my full focus. **'Beauty Within,'** from *twenty twenty two* suggests at the *uncertainties around the Holiday season*. Isn't such a sort of a positive affirmation? *Rather than the expecting of a negative outcome?* Most of my headaches are self generated darkneses, which come

from trying to write about what occurs to me in my mind, ***(which might all be of the weather vane variety, so to speak.) What the (bleep) do I know?*** Despite our doubts, around our mind's picture of gravity and agings sure action, life in this corner of the Universe continues, right up until sleep. *(I don't struggle with personalities, too much, because I know that I'm something of a personality myself. Maybe if I don't take issue with others' antics, they won't take issue with mine.)* I mean, that sometimes, I write

therapeutically. (I start with a crude brush stroke.) I'm a builder in the basic sense. I enjoy this process of gradually developing an article... **new work usually helps alleviate my stress and anxiety.** A thought occurred to me, lately, that somewhat recalls loss... It goes like, '*Failure to plan ahead, is tantamount to planning to fail.*' But, isn't this itself just a bothersome harbinger, or 'hard bringer?' (spelled phonetically.) I know, that I don't want to bring any misfortune. That's it. But, can I paint a picture and have it **not** somewhat

*come true, too? I saw an interesting map of the Universe, this morning, based on the months of the year, and it occurred to me that I'm having a hard time getting around the thought of this year's meaning. Is it astronomy, or is it the Year of our Lord? **(This is from the Latin term, Anno Dominae, or 'The Year of our Lord,' which connotes the years since Christ's birth, starting with one. I see it as tradition, and politeness. I sure don't want any pickle, so I'll for one, keep it as Holy as I can. The dates on the***

Gregorian calendar are just right, the way that they are.) There was a big unlucky earthquake, twenty two years ago... but I think that I should get over it... ***we mortals don't have any more control over acts of God, in the past, or future, such as weather, or earthquakes, than we ever did.*** So, let's be more honest, please... ***An act of courage and humility will live forever. Hallelujah and Amen.*** But, an observance of courage and humility may not save you from an earthquake, if it's under your feet right now.

Unless such is in the form of a helicopter air lift out of there. That could save anyone, for sure. Our animistic society is acursed with our superstitions. Only, I should get it instilled in my mind, that *if a tsunami is headed for my village, saying prayers, mentally won't help anything. Remembering your check list, though might be the best thing to do.* I guess, that that's saying the same thing. *'Failure to have a preparedness strategy, for natural and man caused disasters, is never going to be the same*

thing as a clear victory.' In natural disasters, no one wins. **Except for those who are prepared.** But, in an earthquake, all lines are crossed, and forgotten. Boundaries of health, wealth, prestige, power... all become jumbled, ignored. (What if I'm the chief horn blower, Horatio? Or some other such prestige?) I've gotten most of the glitches ironed out of this writing... I don't seem to be in any pain... life isn't a struggle... but neither was my life in early nineteen ninety nine. *I probably thought, as I recall, that I was in for a pleasure*

*cruise, having such fine music, as that. **But, I nearly died.** I may have a personal relationship, with yesterdays dinner. But, with the apparent waste in our food service and products industries, our carnivorous diets... real peace of mind is so elusive.* If the very act of putting a bird feeder out behind your apartment is basically a harbinger, then what have we done wrong, for nature to be that mad? *I've attested to the intense force of gravity, as I've seen fit. **That is not a crime.*** At any rate, down through the years, men and

women have tried to 'talk sense into,' their own esoteric, and overt natures both. **This will earn you a better relationship, if you're living right, today. You're not all alone.** Your mental illness nearly got the best of you, twenty six years ago, in nineteen ninety nine. **But, I tell myself, 'I've made progress on every personal issue.' 'I'm a changed man.'** Back then, things looked bleak... I think, because there was a lot of embedded corruption. The kids with soldier of fortune mentalities liked their heavy, black guns. *My music had to*

*acknowledge such, not in agreement, but in deference. Or so I suspect. I saw a motto, yesterday, which went like, 'External men know everything.' And they're always running somewhere with the ball. But, my own experience reminds me, ***Spirit will have her say.*** I've myself got a nearly perfect mixture of inner serenity, and the gift of a sure puppeteer, up in the rafters above, who favors me, and usually secures for me a good outcome. ***'That's not a puppeteer,'*** you say, ***'That's a nuanced relationship of****

formidable in finney a tes mal tude.' So, very truly, I'm grateful, and am going to count my blessings. (If saying this will matter.) Well, I've nearly finished this writing. I'm very blessed, and gifted, at this time in my life. Starting a new year, and roll starting a new part three, to this 'Reflections of Sol,' audiobook, I've got plenty of good work, *and the time, and means to do it with.* (That means everything, if you ask me.) I know, though, that my self criticism is quite sharp, this morning... only, any creative work that I can somewhat get

down, without problems, or issues, will be the same thing as getting myself 'down into the groove.' My writing isn't done so much as an self increase, as is such just the way that I can somewhat keep track of my thoughts, this morning... **and such suffices for very therapeutic purposes.** So, having a voice of one's own, is the way. Such brings me a sense of purpose, and meaning. ***I think, that the best way to see this, is just as my own content developing... not as any great thinking, especially.*** But, ***spirit's word, if received***

mindfully, can turn a dark and isolated time around. To each, their own, is a saying which I've lived by for a while. **'Know thyself.'** Just how do we structure our society, when one's twenties decade might be best spent just acquainting ones self with his or her spiritual voices... *and listening to one's self think?* But not everyone develops in the same way. I myself came into my own spiritual reality at around my age twenty three. Before that was a five year period somewhat just 'learning to crawl,' **but I did keep my professional jobs up. Work, to**

myself, was inseparable from my life. But, some young men, at this age will be 'rattling the cage,' and so I was doing this, ***and after approximately five years, of this, the jail keepers turned on the lights... which is just what I needed.*** Then, my pain became magnified through a spiritual lens, for six years of largely isolated living, and walking. But, with the assistance of my parents, I eventually found the passageway out of that life of pain and of temporary fixes. I then had a new life, and while I yet had another

reckoning with self injury, within five years **I soon found myself in a good group family, for the rest of my time.** So this has been something of an esoteric history of my coming of age period... I'll put these words away, temporarily, and re approach this work later. After our lunch, now, and I've showered, and got settled in for the afternoon. It sure is good to have my own well designed content going on to this page, this afternoon. Such will be a still further exploration of the ideas that have been under laying my life, recently. Such things as

understanding the basics of self therapy... *how we can incorporate our latest ideas, and externalize them, and move them along into the past, through journaling, and music, and art...*

If you fail to see this therapeutic base line, you'll miss the most important part.

Additionally, my writing appears to be delved out my familial background... making for a craft, a way, which is very close to my heart. The way that the world does, is to try and strip away the best part of a writer, and replace these with chaotic nature. There are

as many operating methodologies for the modern, digital living paths as there are stars in the heavens. *But, some things are valued universally.* Some talk, some listen, but everyone has their own ideas. *My art consists in putting my ideas out into the public sphere, and receiving those of others'... and deriving my blessings from the joys of this interchange.* You may think that yours are better, that you're the sharpest tool in the shed. But, you'll find in general, that the younger ideas will be where the future is taking hold. So, you'll tend to follow

younger artists, and writers... *their views are just as important as the older. Especially the younger views are important to those older people, who often build works, based on similar designs as the younger... I know, that I myself don't tend to question the younger, I'm usually more of a passive receiver. My happiness consists more in the letting be of others works. But, I do want to see or hear this work.* At any rate, I'll see how many pages this writing is around, now, and send it along your way now. All for now, Greg.

~

I've got a few minutes, before I have to go into town to pay a bill... so I'll try and jot down the ideas which are running around up in my head. *The greater world has it's problems, and among our own is the need to think strategically, in securing our future in a world increasingly based around our rare earth minerals resource land.* I had wanted to find something to work on this morning, but the political thoughts in my consciousness have

taken precedence this morning. Digital citizens all have personal politics, and a certain amount of this Monday January morning required that I look closely at my thoughts, **and jam a little, with my spiritual muses, to figure out just what those politics are like.** This is like what I was mentioning, earlier... how a twenty year old, will be at the zenith of his work career. But, for myself, around five years after my high school graduation, my life was at a stopping point, my work skills and ability somewhat turned around back on

myself... ***and serious spiritual self scrutiny began in earnest.*** I

realized that I was waiting at the doors of wisdom, in my life, and so my spirit immortal accomodated, by indoctrinating me into consciousness of the higher ascended realm, which exists unseen all around our lives.

This, of course, was a big shift in my life. Everything else took

secondary roles... all that mattered now, was my inner journey, and the learning the ways of what I had only just encountered, and came into. I had been handed the consciousness of

the inner spiritual consciousness, **and rightly saw that this itself were the very 'keys to wisdom.'** My society is so great, that it has a place for the schizophrenic, which will be on an inner journey. *I didn't like being given a label, and made to get antipsychotic medicine injections monthly, but I knew that I had to make the best of things.* So, I gradually began to be entertained of a progressively richer inner thought life, and this which I'm attending to this morning, these politics, **are a part of this consciousness which only a**

***few enlightened people are
conscious that they even possess.***

This is a presence of mind, *and this is
what it takes, for some of us, to make
us who we are supposed to be.* I was
allowed into the inner conversation,
because I saw through my own self...

***the pointlessness of my vain
pursuits...*** I said, to myself, that this
spiritual consciousness ***might just be
the missing puzzle piece that sets
my soul free to really soar.*** So,

starting from humble limited
understanding, and from being given a
kind of seven year ache... an agitation

which compelled me to self medicate...
to alleviate my diss ease... *I gradually
began the slow process of
enlightenment of my own soul. **I'm
reminded of the book title, which I
may have heard of, called, 'Saving
Lucifer.'*** The walking then was hard
for seven years, but following a
serious self injury in early nineteen
ninety eight, the curse was reversed,
and I entered into a kind of 'Second
Life,' *and given much wider range and
reach as a spiritually enlightened
soul... not just as a drug savvy hippie.*
So, this morning, not only am I

considering seriously my own views...
how do my own politics feel about,
say, *humanitarian crisis and lapses in
other nations... (do we see the need to
stay up on the brutality on the other
side of the planet, as Americans?)*
We're dwelling on the imminence of
the present politics, which must
acknowledge the need to be strategic
in procuring our natural resources.
**People thirty years ago had no
idea how insistent the needs for
rare earth elements, for instance,
would become, and what we have
to take into consideration, in order**

to be forward thinking, competitive people. So, while we've got to stand on our personal spiritual relationships, in our lives, we also have to put time into thinking, *and listening to our own thoughts, and registering what I do believe in... what I think, and what I don't think.* This is intrinsic to being allowed into the immortal conversation. As I was saying, as a twenty three year old man, five years after high school graduation, I was indoctrinated into the spirit world... and then it became absolutely necessary to listen to these

spiritual voices... the voices of the schizophrenic... so as to learn, and decide for myself just who and what I do believe. **What can a person do, without having disability insurance, to serve as a bridge, across these troubled waters, when we're just paying dues for the future, and really listening to ones own voices... 'Who am I, really?' 'What do I feel is really important?'** So, this is what I must do, in changing times, to acquaint myself with the answers to these two questions, **and to weigh things for**

my own self. So, without some slack in my personal line, so to speak, then I won't have time or place to do this thinking, and considering. For myself, the Mental Health Care System was very important, **and my Social Security Disability insurance allowed me to do this self work, putting 'God first,' so to speak, before anything else.** So, I've found my own answers. In fact, I've got so many ideas in my mind, and consciousness, that I feel the need to write them down, if only to keep track of these thoughts, and make sense of

them, from the outside persons' perspective. So, and when I identify as 'a writer,' from my parental role modeling I received, all of my years at home in my parents, then I can just see my way to getting to capture these ideas... I have become a wisdom keeper, a knowledge receiver. **A knowledge recipient.** At any rate, there is much to think about this morning, and after this time for considering, *I feel I can then get along in the best way possible.* But only after this considering time. And this writing is a part of that. So, this is

what my mind is doing, this morning.

Acknowledging this inner journey, for myself, this morning, in the form of this writing, is a part of this. At any rate. We've got a

beautiful, sunny and cool, or brisk morning. At our hottest this week,

we'll be in the middle fifties, fahrenheit, so this is a mild winter time. I'm

sitting indoors on this couch, and relishing in the sunshine coming in

through the window across this room.

I'm very glad to have this good work to do, and being in possession of the

motivation to write these thoughts out

is more than many have got. So, I've got to give my credit to the guardian spirits in my life, for mindfully getting me through this work... in between world politics, and my personal politic, there's time for getting such thinking onto paper, **and not letting all of these thoughts just pass me by.**

So, this is what I am given to do this morning. I can sense these thoughts coming to their logical conclusions, now, and so I'll wrap them up, and add them in with the others, and then see what. I get myself situated, here on this couch, and start writing with the

first ideas that come to mind, this morning. We've had our breakfast medicine meeting, and I've returned to our apartment, and have sought to busy myself in craft practice, or some chores, and I've settled on this writing. So, it's good to have some ideas going onto my page, right now... such shows the willingness of my spirit, *and that my current writing program is met with self approval.* Today's weather is mostly sunny, and starting out chilly... with the temperatures up into middle fifties today and tomorrow. Having something to show for the time spent,

is my objective... and I can reasonably see that my course is improving... *I'd know it if anything was amiss, just by looking at the first ideas that arise to the surface.* I'll be glad to get our quarterly inspections behind ourselves, so that we can get along into this week. I've lived in group home type accommodations, since two thousand and three... and this is one of the best I've seen. So, this home is up kept very well, and there's no issues on our minds, or at least my mind... ***my work is my only changing factor, right now, and***

such seems to be fine at this time.

Adding into this writing is a gradual sort of thing that I can do, to further my creative purposes, while staying within the home pretext. ***If more***

people knew the value of writing our thoughts, from day to day... I think we'd have a better system.

But speaking for myself, I spent almost the entire decade of my twenties medicating a pain, which I felt that I had, rather than attending to any artistic path. It's hard to build onto any project, creatively, when your thoughts are all around procuring your

next fix... and the loathsome dread of not having such anywhere around. So, those twenties, for myself, were a time of hardship... and I couldn't let go of that pain of addiction, until age twenty eight. ***Anyway, you can't really create freely, or even get very involved in a hobby, or craft, so long as there's a psychological, or physiological pain on your mind, preventing you from experiencing bliss, or enjoyment of the time.*** So, when these shackles of agitation, and restless irritation fell away, in early nineteen ninety eight... my mind

ascended, so that after a five year term of self imposed isolation, I eventually found my right standing, *and was able to begin to learn to integrate these skills with computers, and externalize my life's work.* So, here you have a brief encapsulation of my journey... *and while each project has had its ups and downs, I've found such continuance in the usual rhythms and goal setting and accomplishing of group home life... a writer's, artist's, musicians course.* Well, these thoughts are quietening down, so I'll add them in with the others, and get

over to our office for medicines. All for now, Greg.

~

I'm going to start out with some ideas, going onto the page, because I've got a fairly verbose attitude, this morning... *my hands feel large, and competent... and I quite a while ago learned that I shouldn't squander this sort of phenomenon.* **'Apply it directly into some new writing,'** I tell myself. Earlier last night, I somewhat came to the realization that,

as I keep writing into this chapter, I'm going to need new musical accompaniment, or I'll have to purchase the rights to some stock music. *I was very fortunate to have seen this, early enough that I could play some keyboard solos right then, and somewhat move this project along all together.* Part of myself wants me to just get to some kind of artistic or literary place, so to speak, and just stay there... but another part of myself, will be using the flow of time... *and as in an interface with a word processor software, or audio recording*

software, adding gradually into my progressing picture. I think, that the joys of life partly consist in seeing when one of your '**on ramps**' into productivity has come up... and getting into a flowing, onto your media, so as to '**hop onto**' the '**on ramp.**' This is just one of the main blessings of being alive! These 'open accounts,' into usage of software applications creatively... ***you'll spot it when you should get busy, and get some work started.*** **'It's good work, if you can find it!'** And, as you are conscious of your mind's

'teeter totter,' nature, and can see the way to regain the balance once again, **you'll not be so scared of just trying.** But, part of you will know, if you have a bodily need, such as sleep... then that would necessarily take precedence. *But, everything in life is a wager, and we should only go with a venture, if it looks likely to be a win, and to work well.* Now, for instance, my mind's gently telling me to lie down, beneath this blanket, and get some more sleep, this morning. **I think that, some kinds of changes will always bother myself... on a**

morning when I have gotten some recording done, and have moved my self ahead, I am only then given a heavy dose of enlightenment. Then I see two or three times as much trouble brewing. **Your new recordings, being instantiated, you see, give you special insight into the dark side.** At any rate, these are the '**basics of self therapy... of Art therapy.**' My '**therapeutic baseline.**' (Unless I prove myself to be self defeated. I would probably call that type of thing, an example of embedded trouble.) But,

I will have spotted the on ramp, into getting work done. You see, it's hard to work at a word processor, and have worthwhile output. **Any new work always faces resistance, for instance.** In fact, it's just hard to find the energy to operate software such as this, and to write, and to make it work. But, this time, I spotted the 'stream entry...', the 'on ramp,' and my motivation to get and keep writing together *came somewhat from my seeing the conditions favorable to new writing.* Well, these are just some thoughts. **At times like this, I**

sometimes feel it's necessary to just count my blessings. My senses are around me sufficiently to keep this going smoothly, I'm gifted with the 'amenable conditions.' Times are tight, I guess they always have been, these days, **but I'm given space and liberty to just get my thoughts onto paper.** See, I'm getting impressions, and reflections, of a previous time, **which, had worse problems than this one may.** But, whatever it is, I'm given the understanding, of how, rather than trying to get it 'all in my mouth' at

once, I'll take it in 'small bites.' *It's just an **un weildy numeral**, perhaps, but I see and understand this, and this, I think, is something to be grateful for also.* Because, when that comes up, I can lay my heavy burden down, so to speak, *instead of feeling like I'm obliged to deal with the worry of a thing.* At any rate. I'll set this writing aside for a while, and get ready for my lunch. Later, and it's my bedtime. I am not at a complete end of the line, however, since, I managed to produce a little piano record, last night and this morning, and have

gotten it into the online environment, just this evening. **So, now, see, I can just sit here, and still feel like I'm accomplishing something worthwhile.** It could be argued that this is the supreme accomplishment of our Western Civilization... this of this ***'passive accomplishment.'*** I've always thought, to myself, that The Maitreya's chief mission, back in year one, Anno Dominae, was as a herald for the printing press... and that the world of mass marketing, and of the Industrial Revolution, which brought on the discovery of electrical current, the

light bulb and the radio, and the internal combustion engine... the automobile, and the airplane. You see how the printing press gave rise to these others as a matter of course. Optics brought in telescopes, and microscopes... and standardization of medical practices was brought in by chemistry, *Lister's sanitation revolution, and human anatomy gave us the worlds we know today.* The 'matted tangle of hair shafts, and follicles and roots' is what makes my inner life so delightful... ***and I'll be even more glad, when I can see***

past such easily... when the light shines on me, and these snares and entanglements fall away. At any rate, these have just been a few ideas, to get myself along into sleep, tonight. I'll wrap them up, and add them in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

~

Starting in with some writing, this sunny, twenty nine degree morning, we're expecting the temperatures to rise to about forty today, before

being back up to middle fifties tomorrow, and partly cloudy, and chilly through the weekend. Yesterday was a good day, for myself, and I had enough spare time to completely reformulate my new part three, this audiobook you're reading, or listening to right now. This has given me a much more positive view onto things, in general. I sit, to get the first ideas down onto paper which come to mind, here shortly before our first meeting of the day. The sight of the morning blue sky in the west, and sunn dappled trees, as the golden heat and light source

risers in the east behind me, make me, for one, feel so good. You've heard the expression, *'I'd like to stay right here, in this moment forever?'* Well, this describes the way that I feel. Today is Thursday, the third one in January, this year. Since I've gotten myself out of bed this morning... the jobs that I've got to do... *it's making me sweat, it's stressful... but it's work.* It could be a lot worse... I could have to be in the public eye for eight hours a day... I remember very well how tired that keeping and taking care of anything that needs attending to on the front

end of a grocery store made me feel... with my limited real world skills... my scars which I can't hide... I would be worn out after four hours of that. So, having a new record, this '**You'll need fire,**' reminds me again of precisely how hard the working world is... how much energy and exertion is required. So, it's '*Back on the work crew,*' for me. But, it's exhilarating. Like, a time to feel the extremes, and know that there's a long way to go still. *The daily road is long... it's hard.* At any rate, if I can make one person's heart happy, then that might be the best of

my whole day. The work day is like, *'Give them what they want.'* *'Absorb the difficulties.'* **'This, right here, is what they pay people real money for.'** Anyways, I hope that you

understand, if I tend to filter the worse out of the bad enough... I'm going to stay within my rights. *My work is not just easy... some customers are hard to please... this stuff is all reverse psychology, and a type of 'itch scratching,' that's kind of hard to find.*

I think that my listener will enjoy the full length combo webpage of the **'Silver World'** and **'You'll need Fire'**

sets... '**SWYNF**' will be this Album name... A 70 minute show. At any rate, we're experiencing a chilly cold 25 degree Thursday night... rain tomorrow, and partly sunny for the weekend. I'm looking forward to the sunn, myself. My bird feeder on the back porch is commonly frequented by cardinals, and wrens are usual visitors. I'll be up past bedtime tonight to get this work behind me, so I'd better get started on that. I'm enjoying the warmth in this apartment, and the thermos of camillia sininsis brew, which I've enjoyed, black tea, has put

me in a blissed out, tranquil mood. This pianist I'm listening to now has made a whole dervish wavelength. A dervish planet. But he's brilliant, and irreplaceable. There's a place for each style, each different artist... it's special to hear an artist going full on into the style he or she is best at... such that you get the impression that he's never tried that hard before. At any rate, I'm trying to finish this essay by tonight, so that I can build my new chapter revision after I wake up tomorrow morning. **Well, no such luck.** I fell right to sleep early last

night. It's the next morning and I've still got a ways to go, to finish this article. So I'll just get down in writing an accounting of how this morning progresses, this third Friday in January today, when our skies aren't at all cloudy... instead, beautiful sunn prevails. My sunn salute feels right for the time, and this somewhat clears the cobwebs from my mind, as it's supposed to do. I'm sitting on this couch shortly before getting over to our office for morning medicine, and seeing what thoughts may arise. When I get back over here, I'll see

then what it looks like then from my perspective. We got our weeks end store trip in yesterday, and I'm glad to have a stocked pantry, and can focus on creative goals. Anyways, in reflecting on this time. *I think that we saw things, last year, (Christmas New Year's of 2024,) that scared the wits out of us, and some people lost faith and belief in their selves, and then this year, such a serious malfunction in riot suppression over seas... The brute force way of government is so deadly, when people resist... and I saw how poor people tried to stand up to it, and*

got obliterated, *which I think wasn't intended, but the outcome was unavoidable, given the brutal way. Meanwhile, we're still somewhat trying to forget what we saw in the greater world's news the previous year. (Some serious malfunctions, mass transit accidents, mainly, that shouldn't have happened,)* Any ways, I'm glad to be given these good ideas, this morning, and can't help but seeing how, **malfunctions and accidents in the greater world are probably at least partly caused by 'dinner disagreeing with us.'** I'm today just

glad when things go the way they're supposed to, and everyone arrives safe and sound. Thoughts of travel shouldn't be this stressful. **The world's not shrinking, instead it's getting more densely populated,** and the technology, the artificial intelligence, keeps pushing us further into an ***simulated-human-consciousness-guided*** type of workplace... ***where we fear that a temporary power outage, or electromagnetic interference can destabilize everything, and result in people not knowing how to do***

the job they're assigned to do. So, what we'll have to do is always train people to do the basic job requirements, manually... ***cashiers always need to know how to work some math in their mind, for instance...*** if we're to get past the outtages that will come. Worry over this, I think, would be more stressful than anything, this having to shift back and forth between manual controlled and computer controlled operation. And when having a clear head can mean just remembering to remember the latest visualization, to relieve the

particular tension... ***people that don't easily get flustered will be highly important.*** I mean, people will have to know how to hold the line, even as their technology malfunctions. But, speaking for myself, my smart phone works precisely the way it's supposed to... *but, down times, and corrupt memory areas still sometimes keep me sweating anytime they come up... when really and truly, we've based so much of our lives around these smart devices... we just won't know how to operate without them.* But, we'll have to. So, it might help

you to keep a notebook and pen with you at all times, because you somewhat like to do your thinking externally, in the palm of your hand... *having a notebook to jot notes onto, across time, might prove to be your saving grace.* Of course, many people don't know how to read and write, and these will need to be more reliant on sketching, or drawing. At any rate, these are just some of the ideas in my mind this morning, as I'm sitting here, thinking of what to add into this word processor. *I seem to see our digital society spiraling downwards.* But then

I remember how, **the youth of a time gradually always take the reins away from the older, and everything is always transitioning into the hands of the youth.** At least this is what I can see from here. So, this brings me peace, and I'm always encouraged when I see young people who are lots smarter than I am... **this is actually a very good sign, and means that everything is normal.** See? Anyways, I've got these ideas coming to their gradual conclusion, now, so I'll wrap them up, and send along your way now. All for

now, Greg.

~

This is the third Sunday in January this year. *I'm going to try and get some ideas down on paper, and see what is right 'beneath the surface,' this morning.* One never quite really knows what will arise on any given time... *The trick is to keep trying, even when you don't get the exact results you are expecting.* This is the main hurdle, if you ask me, for younger writers to get past. The youth are

tasked with reconciling the polarities of any given family... whether this is East, and West or just whatever... *this finding of harmony is no simple matter.* Genetics will be finding their place... finding their balance. And the world's action is as a never ending distraction, ***when a young person wants mainly to look within, and remember anything good starts within... within peace and contentment.*** The desire of the heart will be to express outwardly an inner vision... which must be located, before anything else. But, the person has to

live, and so some kind of work, to just keep up his or her rent, and utilities, will be crucial. But, I think that a writer's ultimate purpose, will be to express outwardly, the precise inclinations of the heart. He can know, that if he wants some specific precious thing, he wants to make it himself. I'm not talking about appliances and devices, and instruments... these are very important in this day and age... but there should be an intangible, or diaphrenous desire to express outwardly the specific artistic dream he has... *part of a reading life, for a*

*young person, is to figure out quite what it is that he or she likes... so as to know from where to begin, **in finding his own vision.** The finding of an original vision of one's own is the hardest thing someone will have ever done. The finding of such a vision is harder, in reality, than keeping up a job, which might not require your full intelligence quotient. But starting a new art, music, or literature course will be your challenge... this will require listening for the faintest of expression, in the getting down of the specific formula. I remember many times,*

starting out writing, it was a matter of grasping onto the most tenuous, ephemeral impulses, to describe something which is truly original.

Isn't this what such really boils down to? Your art might be born of the intangible... and only find purpose, and growth ***as you have articulated the ineffable... the indescribable.***

But you should believe that you can describe it... if you strive and quest enough for what the matter could be... you'll eventually get such articulated. *But, such may be unlike anything that has ever existed before, in this place.*

At any rate, these are my thoughts around the kind of deep reaching that may be required for you to articulate the intangible, from within yourself. Well, the time is at our lunch, and I'm just about to get over to the office for this. *After lunch, now, and it's a good un bothered time to allow my writer's mind to stretch out... a sunny Sunday afternoon.* I wovnd up just lounging and listening to music... not much got done. Well, the time now is right before our evening meal. I'll make a trip over to the dining room, in a few minutes, and pick up a plate of food.

I'm looking forward to the new week ahead with glad optimism. I'll hopefully see opportunities arising later in the week, for myself, as I have sent away for a new personal optical disc player, *and I am looking forward to receiving this item.* Anyways, I'm going to get a good nights sleep, tonight. This article is coming along somewhat slowly for me, *because I seem to be focusing on the menu sha of the passing of the day.* I'm going to be glad when this writing takes off, later, as ideas seem to come, and want to be written, *whether I myself*

*prefer them to be or not. I'm a natural at this writing business, as the ideas of any given day are usually somewhat larger than I am... I'll get them on paper, just to save some record of their passage. This, I think, gives my writing verve, and intensity... **as if given purpose and meaning from those who inhabit the heavenly sphere above.*** You can't just have relationships with those who have left this plane and gone beyond, without this proliferation of good ideas... so, I'm very blessed, since, as a child, I always wanted to be a writer. So, I'm

pretty happy with the situation. At any rate. I think, that there's something of an absolutism of self evident, objective truth, in our world today. I think, that if a nation is daring to be different, *and if they are thinking in a strategic manner about other people's property, whether they'll want to take it or not, then they'll pretty much just have to accept whatever comes of that.* I myself disagree that we've got to 'acquire,' or 'occupy' Greenland. **I think that the Hudson bay would be just as mineral rich, as Greenland, and if**

we want to mine for strategic minerals, we should work with Canada to do it there. I wonder, if we're prepared to fight our neighbors, over property that is all theirs, or not? *Or will we see a middle way, in such as mining the floor of the Canadian Hudson Bay?* I would think that that would be an obvious resource. But, I'm not a geologist. **At any rate, compromises are usually what is done, in disputes in the real world, and most likely that will be what we find there, as well.** Anyways, just some thoughts. I love it when I've

got common sense ideas, which might could be taken up, and considered. We should never let ourselves get corralled into thinking that we've got to be imperialistic, over land, *when the sub surface mining of water covered areas can be done as well.* I think that those waters are not very deep, averaging three hundred feet. You see, now I'm started thinking in this way, and I'm glad to get this through. Well, these ideas have made their point, I feel, and I think that there are definitely compromise ways we should be talking about so as not

to provoke our neighbors. Just some thoughts. On to another topic, now... I have had an insight, lately, about how we should just keep a personal notebook in our shirt pocket... to somewhat get down any ideas you may have, at any time in your day. *When we interface with a blank notebook page, (if we're thinking, and really conscious,) we're basically doing the same basic thing as we do with a smart device... We're interacting with the 'primal ground of being,' a working at the basic human field, on a lasting media.* Writing is an

way of talking with one's God, at the basic level. At any rate, These have been just a few ideas, I hope that they make sense to you, and that you're benefitted. *The objective is to help another in a good way, and not to hurt anyone, or their feelings.* We have noise, and distortion, sometimes... But the main idea, the premise, is to benefit others, by the sharing of good ideas. Have a nice new week. Happy twenty twenty six. Greg.

~

I sit to write, this third Wednesday morning in January, this year. I've found how, *I sometimes keep a thick skin to a debated ally, only in times of need, or of otherwise political crisis, we may find harbor within that partner, **when the going gets rough.*** This tells me, that my reliance upon that relationship runs deeper, even than our usual allies and partners. When I was in my late teens, and early twenties, I felt that I was somewhat turned away by the keepers of the Christian Bible. My life was somewhat alone, and tossed about, so *I took*

refuge in the Eastern Mysticism, in particular texts such as the I Ching, and the Tao Teh Ching. These writings, later became a source of hidden strength, for myself... and as I found a more enlightened Western Theosophical grounding, ***I retained the wisdoms gleaned from reading the texts of the Far East.*** So, many doorways to growth, came of a time of personal crisis, when I opened myself to the perspectives of an outside worldview. At any rate, when we're going through diplomatically rocky waters, and views and perspectives

become conflicted, ***we look for any shelter we can find.*** I remember, when I was in my middle to late twenties, in the nineteen nineties, I felt that I had to shoplift, to get over the counter medicines, which I told myself that I needed for my agitated condition. *I was truly in between a rock and a hard place, and I went to jail three times for this stealing.* I'm someone, therefore, who is against stealing... just because I may think that I need something a neighbor has, doesn't mean that I should just take it. *You can see, that I've been through*

that type of way before, and I got into bad trouble with some store managers that way. Staying in jail wasn't fun. It just goes to show, how some people are predisposed to see the flaws in the way of thinking that says 'I should just take what doesn't belong to me, and let my great needs dictate what I take, and what I don't take.' See? So, now, I'm completely justified, in holding the high ground in a time like this one, when part of me wants to take another's homeland, because of that lands strategic resources... I'm blessed to know firsthand, how this

*will only get myself into big trouble with some of the neighbors. So, I'll continue to hold the philosophical high ground, and say that, '**We have to live on principles of honesty, and justice, and truth.**'* and therefore I know better than to take another's property, just because of my great need. I guess, that my homeland has always been such a land of plenty, that I think, that I've never wanted to think of taking what belongs to others... *instead proudly getting most of my resources from my own natural resources. Only now, we're seeing the*

importance of procuring the rare earth elements, for use in the fabricating of our smart devices, and computers. I think, that taking what doesn't belong to me, can be a kind of Achilles heel, **and if I don't watch what I do, and see that I act ethically, in procuring my resources, then others will have sufficient grounds for criticisizing and condemning me.** At any rate, you can see some of the thoughts in my mind, this morning, as I sit writing on the side of this couch, and think about getting ready for my lunch meeting, and getting to

that. I think, that historically, in political differences, it's been more respectable to side with the indigineous peoples, who's land rights go back thousands of years... than to side with corporate concerns. Additionally, siding with the pristine natural wilderness, for the sake of there being an untouched natural region nearby to where I live will give me a more of a winning hand, if I've allocated plenty of wild lands for her to completely reign, and don't insist on developing every square inch of

land mass but instead leave some natural interests. You see, my lands' winning formula might get forever upset, or imbalanced, if I allow the last vestiges of wild nature to be developed, *for the sake of our technological revolution.* At any rate, I think that we usually find a good compromise, when it comes to disputes over land rights. ***I've always thought, that Canada's Hudson Bay might be a great untouched mining reserve, as the waters there are fairly shallow, averaging around three hundred feet.***

This would allow for mining of it's bed, without much difficulty. We might find that we fare better by partnering with that areas' government, ***than by thinking we've got to take something... land, that doesn't belong to us.*** So, I think that a compromise is usually what solves the matter, in property disputes, ***and we shouldn't burn our bridges the way we're doing. Unless we want to be thought of as being like a dictatorship, which is governed by no laws, and which does whatever it pleases.*** The people whose lives'

our imperialism impact will almost certainly see us as an oligarchical force of evil... an evil empire, so we should keep this in mind. At any rate, we find sometimes that we just have to muscle through some engagements... they're unfair and biased. So someone like me would not participate in the meeting. **But the very next meeting might be fine, and with no bias, so I would get into that more, and the group leader would have to respect that.** But the problem meeting is just something I would force my way

through, as a matter of course. ***My boundary would be more strict, and I wouldn't allow anything through, if only so as to protect myself.*** So, you're allowed your boundaries, if you actually have them. And I definitely do have them. I can easily imagine a situation in which someone blames us, with myself being thought of as being like a thick fingered, grubby consumer who feels he has to take what ever he needs, *rather than go through the right protocols. (Boundaries,)* In a way, my past history gives me a unique

vantage onto the contemporary scene,
*and this is why I feel that I should be
careful about the type of person I try
to model myself as... and not be
thought of as a careless or ignorant
theif, who only wants what he can get
from others... and refuses to give
back.* At any rate, my country is
definitely not made like that, but I
think that we've for years had
components of our lives which say,
**'Desperate times call for
desperate measures.'** it's obvious
that this is how we think, in taking of
Greenland. I wonder if we weren't

always being given the short end of the stick by the actual oligarchs and dictators, the world leaders, some of who are notorious for acting in exactly that way... ***we wouldn't be holding up under our ideals better?*** I think, that our President has had a lonely job for a long time, and he knows firsthand what it means to be talked about hatefully, whether people actually talk that way or not... ***you see, many of us, of a certain age, will by now be paranoid...*** this world has been so hard, and we've had to see times, and events just as hard,

and gruesome as those people saw in Iraq, and elsewhere, where our reach has extended. *We are, and we know that we are, still dealing with such a mixed bag of blessings, as the 'enemy' was entrenched, was a splinter off of the established religion, and worked indiscriminate damages on everyone... times are such that, 'Yes is no,' again, and there isn't any clear foe. At any rate, that we just don't need to take any weak and poorly defended nation, just because its resources look appealing, and we're in need... if we act outside the law in such a way,*

people will judge us just like they did in times before... when we hadn't done anything, to make us guilty, other than our carnivorous ways would include.

But, if we're on speaking, and waving terms with cows, and pigs, and chickens... as some of us are... aren't we in violation of the rules of civility, by eating those animals? **We're just some of us not meant to live in this world... we're from the Heavens, or else we're just dumb ghosts, who lack in tact, or real living strategy.** So, you see, how we sometimes blame ourselves, and it

takes a strong voice, who isn't afraid of petitioning the Soul of the Earth for understanding, ***for our peoples, who don't mean to be so reliant on our resources as we are.*** I think that there's something we'll discover, around the bend, that will be thought of as 'atom scale computing.' In other words, *we will build binary computing devices using individual atoms, and therefore size and power consumption of these devices will be so small, and miniscule, and the materials required will be very few.* So, now that you have seen this little bit of

information... this possible hope, on our horizon, how do you feel now, about where things are going? You see, *our power needs will be a lot less, when we're computing on the atom scale... when the circuit boards are that small, we won't use much electricity or materials, either one.* So, I think that this diplomatic crisis is a false flag, a false alarm, *when we're all about to step into the realm of nano computing, I mean atom scale, and our needs for resources will actually just be a lot less.* And we'll still have these wonderful flat, and

rollable and foldable displays, we like so much. So, there, I hope you'll find these ideas interesting. I'll wrap them up, and add in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

~

I sit, this morning, this fourth Friday of January this year, and get used to the thought of this writing, and of finishing my latest audio book chapter, 'chapter three.' I've thought about, if I should close the writing for the book, now, or continue onward into a new fourth

chapter? *I think that there can easily be five chapters in this, so I'm going to push ahead towards this goal, and if God is willing, I'll have more good work in this project.* I'm blessed to have a sense of purpose, and to find good work, and time and instruments and appliances to do it. If I'm fortunate, I'll get some sketching and visual design work done today, also. At any rate, I write, because it's therapeutic. **I think that writing is a good strategy in dealing with things that come up in my life.** For instance, my region is expecting some

damaging storms, over the next one or two days. But, I know, that I tend to over think sigh kick information... but, right now, for instance, I'm thinking that this weather event will be mainly in the form of damaging freezing rain, for some areas. There will probably be widespread power and communications outages. **So, but we here should be alright, but our temperatures will be bitterly cold starting Sunday night... and we'll be in the depths of winter.** We hope that we don't have destructive storms, though... that could be bad

too, tomorrow and Sunday. But maybe not. Anyways this is what's on my mind lately. I'm just glad to see that my spirit is being honest, and candid with me, by letting me in on some sigh kick writing... **Will it be as bad as this migraine would suggest?** *I doubt it, but we should be prepared to shelter in place.* At any rate, I don't normally write like this, but, I'm going to go this way, so that I'll have something to annotate, and remember the time with. Well, we've had our lunch, and are settling in for the afternoon. I'm sitting on this couch

gazing across the room through the window blinds, and looking up into the pine boughs across the driveway. **It's nice to sit vegetating, and listening to this music through my headphones.** It's nice as well to think that my writing choices have taken the sting out of these weather worries, and tamed them... **they're like a docile reptile, now.** But, if I feel like I've made a difference, in something like helping my weather apprehension, *the thing will give me a false sense of security.* But, you never know... the time might just be more kind... not too

kind but kind enough to be forgotten.

What else could one ask of a time, but to be forgotten? Anyways. My

optical data disc player came in the mail, today. I've been enjoying it

enormously. I've found, that when I make good progress in improving and

dispelling a migraine, this state of relief slips away if any fear or

uncertainty enters my mind. ***This I***

guess is why inner rest can be so

hard to hold onto for some people.

At any rate, the mental state I've been in all day is something like

'snowblindness.' I can tell that

there're blizzard conditions associated with this type of migraine... it just might not be right here, where it affects. **In fact, the affected areas might be a ways away from here.** If a mental state, like a migraine puts me through agony, **then why would it do that, if it wasn't illusory chaffe, or a false alarm?** It's just a form of dues paying. What do you think? **See, over thinking is what I do when there's too much pain, and answers are too few. *But only I can or will decide to enjoy my life.*** There's no need to feel pain or

discomfort around future weather, so
*it must, logically, be dues paying...
purchasing my peace, in my own
mind, might allow it's fullest
expression in my life to happen easier.*

**I think that it's all about one's
peace... such is all we'll ever
really have.** Well, I've written,

(allowed myself,) some concluding
thoughts, **and they're about the
spiritual ways of prediction, and
the 'building of faith' and belief in
ones own self.** I hope we remember
this time, and how easy it is to over
think things around worry over bad

weather events. At any rate, my mind seems to be less perturbed this morning. *'Cold weather, here I come,'* **might be a good concluding thought. 'I'm on my way.'** (Of course, **indoors is climate controlled.**) But, anyways, all for now. I'll wrap these ideas up, and add them in with the others now. All for now, Greg.

~

I'M SITTING INSIDE, WATCHING some videos this afternoon, and I started thinking about the things that I'm most grateful for, *namely, my trusted Higher Power, and my good family relationships, with those who have gone before me.* I was thinking, about the most vexing problems our society faces these days, as well, and I think that such is thus: In every young group, there will be one or two who tend to stay to themselves, and who may not socialize as well as the others. *The problem is, that, in modern life, certain issues arise, at a*

point, and some people will be social, and will talk about it, and others will deal with it in a solitary way. I myself was someone who dealt with problems by staying to myself, mushing through the troubles, and living in the same way, despite the hurt, and more than once, I ended up self isolating, and hurting myself. I was shown, early in life, the way to use artistic expression to work through, and deal with my life trouble in visual design, and musical recording, and through writing things out. If we're able to make an art from out of our painful narratives, then, I

think that can be good. I have done this myself many times, and many of these artforms, and expressions are still with me. So, troubles and problems always arise in our lives, and when we can internalize them, and process them, and turn them into art, then we can speak objectively about our issues, and see the good they may encompass... and see them for their problems as well. So, this in essence is why I believe in therapeutic art expression... and I've gone by this way for at least twenty five years of my life, and not actually articulated such

in words. But, in this writing, I'm trying to relate my thoughts about this, and speak of some of the good and bad ways such has resulted in my life. **The path of art therapy works sometimes, and sometimes it doesn't.** Twice in my life, I was on this path, and I should have sought out human contact, and related with real people... but I self isolated, and so I got a bad outcome... *my life got extremely darkened, and depressed, and I made a serious attempt to end my own life.* The idea I'm trying to relate is, that some art is quite dark,

and heavy, and moody in tone. This enters in in any media... music, visual art, writing... *these dark choices in art therapy always make therapists feel empathy, and sometimes they have to see someone come to an near death experience, or self injury.* So, if you think that it would be fun working as a therapist, well, I think it might be. But you would have to see more than you bargained for, I think. *So, you would have to be prepared for such an outcome.* Well, I think of therapeutic paths, people that have cared, about what I'm going through, and have

looked at dark and light both. ***I think that the early artistic expression, in a career, might be the most profound.*** The first projects in an artistic path, starting therapeutically, might be the deepest. *I myself made my first faltering steps, and quite quickly faced some personal nemesis.* I think that this happens when one finishes wondering if your art will work... *and, at a point, you get serious about your work, and this is when your deeper issues arise, through your own artistic expression, and sometimes in the greater world.* With myself, this

deeper expression led me off into more and more self isolation. I think that people saw the end that I was coming to, and were powerless to stop me. *I nearly died in my own self made ruin.* I'm writing about this, now, because I think that especially now I see the importance of socializing, and getting human contact. I think that when my work gets to be of a certain quality, such as my recent work, my '**Silver World, You'll need Fire,**' and most recently, in my '**Bark, Moss, and Flower,**' composite, human contact will be important. And I've got

that human contact. So, in a time like this one, I think that we will see the importance of 'doing everything as you would ordinarily.' And remembering not to fall into the usual traps, of sensual relapses, or of inebriant usage of any kind. *You may not think that you have a problem with these, and then be faced with something you have a hard time getting past without failing.* One's life could really change, in certain types of relapses. So, don't tell yourself, that you're just immune, or that this time might be a pleasure cruise. *That is to say, if you worry*

about drastic change in society, or in your life. Remember not to let yourself make a drastic change. So, I'm going to cherish my present living arrangement, and do everything I have to do to keep it. Well, these are just a few thoughts. Today is Tuesday, the fourth one in January, this year. We've got clear, blue skies, and it's very cold this morning... fourteen degrees, as we get ready to get over to the office for our medicines. I'm sitting inside, on this couch, and writing these ideas down, and in thirty minutes, I've got to get going. Having some writing

started, will give my mind a point of focus, for in case we have to get on the road to get over to the main office, for a meeting. But, for now, I'm just enjoying the air conditioned warmth inside this apartment, and looking out upon the day through my bedroom window. Right now, I'm looking forward to a thermos of strong tea brew, as soon as I can get back here. I'm listening to one of my home made Cee Dees, while I write these thoughts. My home manager filled me in, as to what to expect this week, as far as road trips go, and such as that, and so

now, my belly should stop cramping so bad. *I always seem to overthink, and worry over things that I don't have any choice about.* The hardest thing about being in the mental health care system, are appointments, and meetings which I'm not told about, until its time to go... *this is everyones' secret fear.* But, this is infrequent, thankfully. Is it a bad experience which shapes us in a negative way, or do we just not know any better, than to act based on our prejudices, and stereotypes? I myself think that God's discernment is enough, because we

live in a just system, where justice prevails, *and the honest truth comes out, eventually.* I believe that we can take shelter in strong beliefs like this in the state mental health care system, the same as in other forms of health care. *We can, in general, count on being treated right, and not being treated wrongly.* There are always patient advocate organizations, patient rights groups, which can be of assist. ***So, someone like myself can definitely rest in the hopes of being treated like a human being.*** If we've made a mistake in our past,

we can get past it, and eventually get over it... all in that health organization. Because the patient is the focus... *I've myself done self work in the hospital, more than once...* **in coming to terms with societies' standards and behavioral norms.** So, I can speak from experience. At any rate, this article has roamed through various topics, and it's starting to come to its conclusion, now. So, I'll wrap these thoughts up and, add them in with the others now. All for now, Greg.

~

I sit, this late January afternoon, and look just beneath the surface of my mind... I sketch around on my word processor page, looking for any cogent or concerted ideas to move this audiobook chapter along. I'm finding, today, that my resting state times are fewer, and I seem to be overthinking.

Some days, this is how we confirm, and affirm to ourselves, that the day's work is hard. With this accomplished, I'll be in a better position, to honestly

receive the good help I'm given.

I've seen recently, how with our social media type web pages, with a world time stream, and a group of people who 'like,' and 'follow' you, it may help you a lot to identify with your old school class mates. You see, it's not all about you. Everyone has their own reasons and causes for being where they are in their life. *Many people we used to see, in our lives, are set back, a ways, in the mix. They enjoy blending in, and taking in the common denominator media. Enjoying the 'vista.' The sweetest experience.*

Others may identify more as 'laid back.' These might be special characters, who somewhat carry an entourage around themselves. *Others may just be 'hooked up,' and 'ready to go.'* They might be hard workers, and then are more down for sports, and night life. Of course, I think that the status quo in America is going to be, for the most well adjusted, 'married with children.' If you're eccentric, or worse, *(and you know you are,)* you might would think twice before having kids. You might never marry or get a permanent partner. This is myself, in

fact I stay in a county group home. But, I might wind up in a private boarding or foster home, with others like myself. *The Mental Health Care System can help facilitate this... the rules aren't hard to go by.* But, as in any procurement, any mental illness, there will be 'stupid,' 'tricky,' and 'deceptive,' dwelling and hanging around in the rafters. It really helps to 'know your own mind.' Or that's part of why you're in a group home, in the first place... you're a content developer in your own image... **and you're an original.** If one is wise,

one will see how the internet, the world wide web, makes the world into a kind of a '*book, and recording contracts for everyone!*' affair. Man, if our middle twentieth century writers, and producers could have seen this. *The future's bright... the power's in everyone's hands!* At any rate, these are just a few ideas. *I'm maybe getting onto paper my weekly story, like many others will be getting their weekly stories down. Just how many of us are there, who journal? Who consult their inner spiritual resources? How many lives do we daily touch? At*

any rate, these words echo some of my '**Plateaus**,' book. I've lived on the 'Cumberland Plateau,' in Northeast Alabama, for years and years in my recent past. Others are around the Ozarks, in the midwest. *You see, property and rental rates are lower, on the highlands. (Because of the storm risk they get sometimes... but this makes property values lower.)* I'm in the lowland now, though. Anyways, I hope that you can see some good ideas in this writing. Maybe you've found some personal direction? *Well, I like having the equity... at the end of*

this day, if I have something to show for the time... that's my biggest objective. Maybe you'll be like us, someday... maybe you'll write yours out, too, and build into a gradual development, onto the page. *But, anyways, I'll slow down, and catch my breath, and see how this article is coming along, now.* All for now, Greg. The time is almost nine thirty pea emm, on a Friday evening, the last one in January, this year. I've just gotten back from our dining room area, where I waited in line to get my evening medicines, and a bedtime snack. I sit

lazily adding ideas into this writing, and thinking about tomorrow. Tonight will be cold, into the twenties... getting colder over the next two nights. Anyways, it's good to be indoors, and warm. I'm sleepy, and get to bed. The next morning, and I'm very glad to have this writing started, and along... *this is all I want to do, this getting down of my thoughts.* I'm enjoying this writing, while I sit at our kitchen table, looking out the back door at the nature. My bird feeder is getting plenty of visitors, and they seem to like the seed brand. They're finicky,

and don't like some brands. They don't like nuts, such as peanuts, or fruit in the mix. They won't eat that. But they like this fine. *Well, today's a good morning. Our weather is so cold, and wendy, this morning... I can't hardly imagine having to hike ten miles in this... this wend is freezing, and goes right through my clothing. **There are some kukoos in the clock, recently, and our system is frequently critical of these... this makes the overall politics seem so contrary, and divided.*** There are forces in our lives, in particular our

carnivorous diets, *which sometimes keep us enveloped in dark and confused issues and disagreements... I think that this is our dinner disagreeing with ourselves... nothing else much makes sense.* Nature is a strong force, this is true. I sit mulling over these ideas, with my hands resting on my word processor keyboard... and letting the thoughts of the moment go onto my pages. Today is the last day in January, this year. I'm very glad to have ideas in my heart this morning. *I lived just years in memory, with an unwilling mind,*

*which wouldn't share with myself...
and which wouldn't allow itself to, or
care to be written. My life was empty,
and based around non socially
acceptable stimulants, and inebriants.
Drinking binges were the high points
of any week. I had no art, or writing
onto a page. I recollect these dark
years to relate to my reader how,
**'Good attracts good, and dark
creates and attracts still more
darkness.'** If you've got a willing
spirit, this is really the aim of life.
Some are really alienated from their
'better halves.' At any rate, this*

morning, our work is light. I have only to gradually build this writing, to be given a real program today. *Of course, there's sweeping, mopping, and other chores that are calling me. But, we're fairly caught up, with housework right now...* I think it's better to finish this writing, and get such squared away, and added in. I've no place to be, but here, since we've gotten our weekly store trip in already. *So, I feel especially contented, in numerous ways.* Good recent visual art, and music as well. And this writing is sufficing so well, to make me

contented and happy in my life, this morning. Such good '**a do, around nothing,**' is an idea which I've kept for so long. **This writing fits that description very well, and I'm very glad to have it.** So, I can't possibly take this pleasant state, or time for granted. Well, I seem to be coming to the general conclusion of this writing, now, so I'll finish it up, and add it in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

~

I sit, this morning, at this word processor screen, and approach some thoughts of this day. We're at forty degrees, and slightly overcast skies, now, and we're somewhat relieved to find that the coming weeks outlook isn't as bitterly cold as we thought it would be. With our daytime temperatures up into the fourties and fifties, this is more like a Southeastern winter, as we remember it. *I think it's frustrating to have to think about aging, decay, and death... but, sadly,*

I'm afraid that that's what people see, when they look at someone of my age or older... a makeshift, temporary, predicament. However, in reality, I think that God sees our inner light, and doesn't notice wrinkles, or gaunt appearances. So, we should try and see as God sees, and refrain from criticizing the decay in us. You'll amaze yourself at what an elderly person can accomplish, sometimes as miraculously, and without too much effort. I think that what we're up against, is elder discrimination, and that our culture, with it's emphasis on

youth and beauty, is kind of bad about this. I see in my age, though, a great sense of perspective. If it could be wrong to have seen too much, then those of our bracket might be so. I think that it's somewhat amazing to carry around so much acquired knowledge and wisdom. So, I think that we should always seek to resource our elderly people, and make use of the good eyes, and senses, and mind, for as long as we possibly can. So, journaling, such as this, for instance, for a person of any age, I think, is good, in that such fills us in

as to the ascendant, well aged perspectives. At any rate, we should make a point of refraining from prejudice toward the elderly. *Our wisdom is self evident... there should be a place for it in the conversation.* I think that this is an important conversation to have, and to reinforce these ideas. Anyways, I'm waiting, now, in line to get my morning medicines, and. I'll get right over to the office, and get them. After medicine, it took some time and work to get the apartment in a presentable condition. I somewhat got behind in

the latest month or two. *I tell my reader this, so as to give him or her a glimpse into our ordinary life here... things in my life picture aren't just cookie cutter provisions. Things require finn ess. **Some areas will always need extra attention.** I'm constantly reminding myself of my Dad's Grandparents, and their somewhat lazy house work ways. Their house was where they lived their lives... not something they polished to sterile perfection. *The work they did for the general public... was their contributions to the community. A**

small general store where they sold their fresh vegetables, and corn meal which Grandads brother made in the mill which he built... this is how they measured their lives... not by the spotlessness of their home interiors. So, it's similar for me, my words, and music, and art going out into the hands of readers is my personal validation... but my home housekeeping is more 'loose fit...' it's just a place to spend some of my years on Earth. *So, I won't be elitist, I let Nature have some say... I let things lie where they are placed.* This way I

keep from crowding my house mate. I let the ecologies of eating and drinking containers have their own existence, without myself imposing rigid boundaries, or limits. This is a house that is lived in... *and so it looks lived in.* At any rate, it will never be as bad as it sounds, though, it's indeed just loose fit. At any rate. Our beginning gray skies have turned high blue white, and our temperatures are mild this morning. I am constantly reminding myself to practice my sunn salute, mentally raising my hands up past the sides of my head... this is my

usual position, and any reinforcement I can give toward this type of yoga. Things in your thought life are just what you say they are... *the inner reality which we tell ourselves, and repeat about, is in actuality all the reality that we face.* Saying that a thing is, makes it so. Anyways, I usually have a verbal mantra which I'm repeating, and it will be accompanied by a mental visualization... saying a thing, and visualizing such... this, so as to harness the downward weight and pressure of atmosphere, biosphere,

and beingness... *the downward friction, and pulling of all objects which possess mass sufficient to be caught in the pull of their planet.* Outside of this mass, gravity isn't a factor much. This writing is coming along... I just commonly hop, or leap, from topic to topic, covering many various life subjects in the space of a single article. *I tell you this so that you don't think that writing is a retelling, or reciting directly from heaven down into my notebook.* **I'm myself building this article, with the inner assistance of my own**

family elders... those who have passed beyond, and others around their lives. Great meaning and

significance permeates any articles' writing... *individual writers aren't just anonymous forces, but certain helpers will offer assistance, and this will be from where strength is derived.* I hope you see that nothing is done of itself alone... interconnectedness and community are what our lives are based in. At any rate. Having just red back across these words makes me proud, and relieved to be in possession of such a strong voice. Such is the

summ total of my inner sigh kee... my recent remedies... things I am going by... the recent weeks experience, and what I've produced, if anything... this is from where I speak. Well, these have been just a few words, into my word processor. I'll send them along your way now. All for now, Greg.

~

I sit here, this first Thursday in February, this year, and see just what speech might be just beneath the surface of my mind, this morning. *I'm*

*certainly glad, by now, to have seen enough of what the world can do, to an otherwise good morning... to stay safely clear of those who seek harm. I enjoy the work that I do, and this morning, such is plainly much better than so many, who are caught up in ascerbic, hateful social critiques. But, now you can look and listen at almost anything which I've ever had any part of, whatsoever, and find... **a pretty nice guy.** It sure is good to be so much better than those who speak with critical and fork ed tongue... (I'm just kidding. I know that some people*

are paid to be funny, and to deconstruct our society, our illusions, and prejudices, and biases,) but, this which my work is emblematic of speaks, I think, of a simple goodness, and for this I am endlessly proud. At any rate, I can easily avoid being in the self congratulatory way, though, by mentioning our weather, this morning, which is so good. We here have got temperatures at just under freezing, and our skies are expected to be partly, to mostly sunny, with highs in the forty, fifties, and sixties through the rest of the week. So, for

ourselves, a typical southeastern winter, which isn't bad at all. *But we usually get lots of cold, cold rain, throughout February, and March, so we're really blessed enormously, by the dry time we're in, and tomorrow, our temperatures are expected to top out around sixty or better.* It sure is good to have a willing spirit, and to not be sick... *well enough to get this clear, direct writing down, and to know that I'm not acting in deceit, or pulling punches in any way... I'm just giving myself some straightforward signposts... that's all.* That's not

unusual for me, this simple straightforward style, that tries to shine a clear light of peace and contentment with it's readership, and with it's own self. *Stand up comedians, and others who are assigned to poking fun at ourselves, don't always have the great luxury of being decent... instead, trying to make people laugh. (Duh.)* I mean, most of us don't actually have to come out against hypocra see, *but some of us actually are hypocrites.* Does that make any sense? I think, that a Good God must see a lot of trouble down

here on Earth, and must have had to learn to be, above all else, '**Tolerant, no matter the evil.**' We sometimes think that we understand the mistakes people make down here on this planet, and what people were thinking... *but, their bad attitude is between themselves and their God.* We mortals I think are about repairing the damage, and getting back to ordinary life. *Not holding a grudge against someone who made a fatal mistake, who acted out of anger or rage.* Who died, or lost their freedom, or their job... from that mistake. At any rate,

I'm again grateful to have another start on a good new article. This gives me something promising to be around as times sometimes seem forboding... and sigh kick symptoms seem to mount. **Who do we have to believe in, if not us in our own good work?**

I sit here and write, as I await my Dad's return from our grocery store with some groceries. I'm spending time here with him in his town, and will return to my town in two days. I'm going to enjoy the time away, and think of it as a retreat from the hassles of my usual living. In assigning blame,

or causes for bad things that happen in our lives, we want to try and remember not to make troubles from out of thin air... especially if we're the one whose having the same, or similar symptoms. *'A good time here is a good time here, no matter what happens elsewhere,'* is what I tend to think about it. Our weather, this weekend is expected to initially be blustery and warm tomorrow night into Saturday. Our forecasters are giving us the proverbial 'spring comes early,' forecast... and such will include a share of rainy storms, and

temperatures that are more like middle March, than February. **So, our winter, this year is getting mostly blown away, like downy thistles into the early spring breezes.** At any rate, my Dad made it back fine... and brought me back a few blank cee dee are, so that I can put my new record on them for people. Well, I'll find a stopping point, and rest for a while, and return to this writing later. After dinner, now, and I'm somewhat mulling over some of what the latest news is telling us, ***and weighing these perceptions somewhat with***

what my inner weather vane is saying... How does my mustachio feel these things to be comparing, relatively, with my fur lined inner esophagus? Doesn't this all hinge respectively on my person's local weather forecast? Whether the roads and bridges will be safe for travel? With the winter precipitation? These questions, and others are on my mind, and I relate them here, so that you understand, how our lives are kept close tabs upon, by the spiritual powers that be, and... **if I find myself in this 'spiritual**

conversation,' I might be or become more concerned about my inner wellbeing, than say, about making wise professional decisions, or necessarily how to earn a living. Much less than about travel destinations, or sports events, or gambling, such as casinos or sports betting. I think, that this is why so many complex and inward looking people are right where I'm at... the public health care system, in particular the mental health care system... many of us will rely on these as we would a husband, or a wife. The Social

Security Administration, was established by Franklin Delano Roosevelt, in nineteen thirty five, as part of his 'New Deal,' in the Social Security Act of that year. At any rate, the evening has gotten along, and I'm starting to get sleepy. I was thinking about those who we have lost, people who have ascended, and gone 'up to Heaven.' The thing that takes courage, to see, is that *in death, we may enter the lighter, rarer embodiment, in the Human imagination!* Do, you see, how by having trusting relationships with

those who have gone before us in life, we can bring forth literature and art, the likes of which the world has never seen before? *But this really takes having an honest, trusting relationship with at least some of those who have passed away... to do the kind of work you're trying to do, to move the readers heart, soul, mind, and spirit, such requires this 'spiritual concert' with the Ascended Ones.*

Well, I hope that I haven't scared anyone talking about ghosts which inhabit the Human imagination, but having just recently lost my dear Mom,

I feel a sense of truth, and empowerment, when I can sketch a well rounded view of what appears to lay ahead, for the grieving, in life, and in death. And, I understand this to be best expressed as in a common bond, as that found between the Shepherd, and his sheep. Or as in among equals, beneath a guide, or a manager... in his or her loving care. *This is a pondering, also, and a considering of the type of friendship, and togetherness, and love which 'never ends. ever.'* A communion. **Simply, this is Eternal life, as we mortals**

can find it! And that's Good News!

At any rate, these ideas appear to be coming to an logical conclusion in through here, so I'll wrap them up, and add in with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

I'm going to start out writing, this sunny, chilly Sunday morning, and see what it is that arises to the surface of my mind. I think that, the last essay was a good one. Such started out, pondering over just how bad it feels to

be made fun of in the late night television show area. *You'll know it if this happens to you... such is one of those things, that you feel... whether this is based in self delusion, paranoia, or whatever.* But, I mean that some people are assigned to the job of finding humor in ourselves... the funnier, the more outrageous the kick, the better. But, at any rate, I quickly got over my differences, as soon as I realized that what was coming through my stylus, was also real, in its own way, and it became what I 'choose to worry about,' or 'don't choose to worry

about.' ***I realized, that my job is my voice, and my attitude... and not to worry about what others say.*** At any rate, I seem to have concluded the previous article by stating that the most important guidance, might just be, '***Don't be a hypocrite.***' The reason that I feel this way, is because I know how difficult it is to '***practice what we preach.***' Any teacher, or guide, or minister should see the peril, in saying one thing, and doing another. *This is just almost the central concern of a religious walk, if you ask me. Of*

course, I use the example of myself...
in particular, there's the problem of,
*'how do I exist, when I'm on waving
and smiling terms with tonight's
dinner?'* If this isn't the darndest
thing, then I don't know what is.
There it is, human greed and excess.
So, for myself, ***'I've seen the end of
all hypocrisy... I just might not
realize such yet, actually.'*** The
issue will always be myself. *Indeed, I
appear to be 'the problem.'* Just,
'How are you today?' and also, *'Do you
taste good?'* Okay. I see the matter,
now. *'It's not just me,'* it's the latest

generational division, playing out afore
my mind's eye... ***Some of us are
'soft.'*** That's all I know to say about
it. Why am I writing in this way? I
think, that I'm just recapping
yesterday's writing. So, what do you
hope to possibly gain by writing in this
manner? ***'I'm hoping that this will
be the day that me or someone
like me will conclusively make
'vegan vows.'*** I guess, that I'm so
used to 'eating what is served to me,
to eat,' that I'm having some trouble
with this. I'll always be a carnivore... I
can't get around it... ***but why can't I***

resolve to keep my diet closer, to the reverence for nature, and never get into the slaughtering of animals for my meals. So, such is a vow I make time and again... **and I might be making it anew.** I'm finding it challenging, keeping my mental balance in this world, and the only clear way, now, is vegan. These ways will be scoffed at... ***my deep gravity... is such only for show? So why don't I just renew my vows?*** At any rate, you can easily see the way that my mind delves upon it's own self... *as my society once again*

*goes through the throws of self denial,
and another child 'finds a home,' that
isn't made of straw alone, but which is
more built of stone. This children's
story, of the 'Three Little Pigs,' is one
that plays out, in various ways... I
might just make it past this craziness,
when I can dispense with my migraine
on a morning like this one... such may
require squaring off with my 'chewing
teeth,' and 'biting myself,' by
centering my person between my
upper and lower chewing teeth... and
letting this be the lesson, how, **'I'd
rather consume my own fat,' than***

kill and eat one who is so kind and gentle.' Maybe, the question is, ***'How do we stance ourselves to a world, which would rather eat us, than be eaten by us?'*** Do you see the need for holding the philosophical high ground, now? ***Do you see the need for the down beat?*** I can walk myself through a discourse such as this one. ***But, can I learn and acquire the lessons such teaches?*** Why can't I choose the vegan path, ***to the exclusion of meat?*** Or, do I even believe in my own inner experiential journeys? *Is my life so*

devoid of meaning? People have been asking themselves this question, since the dawn of time... *and I'm no different... I'm wanting to stay on the side of clarity, and discernment...* **so I'll let the 'half hearted' ways come to their own ends.** Anyways, this is the second article, by myself, in the recent memory, to cover this subject matter... *to have heard the clarion call for more gentleness, and goodness, and for less regret in our daily diets.* So you see? Well, it's good for myself to better articulate, I would say, the precise nature of my

worries, on a morning like this one. So, but not everyone will be at a place like this one, mentally... *some will be making vows to avoid alcohol, or to give up promiscuous behavior, in the sexes, or to keep from harming your lungs, with tobacco, or else will be resolving to lose weight, and exercise more regularly.* **These four, are probably the most common, throughout our society... but they're just examples.** *What matters is what matters to you, personally.* Not what others tell you you're supposed to feel. At any rate, I

can tell that this article is nearly finished, now, so I'll wrap it up, and put a standard conclusion on such, and send it along your way now. All for now, Greg.

~

As I sit, this sunny, and cool second Monday in February, this year, I'm impressed with the silliness, and futility of some paths, for instance, **'Why? If no? Then why?'** At any rate, I guess that people have got to hear you say, **'Never mind. My**

mistake for thinking that.' At any rate, some one like myself just wants to be done with part way bargains, and just then let me get back to doing what I'm best at. Then, I guess that I'll be past the hurdle. So, this is why I return to my word processor screen, this morning, so as to connect with the spiritual guardians which I've invested so much into. Someone might would ask, **'How do you know the difference?'** **'What makes one guide right?'** Well, I would say, how we go by feel, in life... the relationships which appear to be most

lasting, in discernment, will be the ones to keep, for yourself. If you're good at writing, and there doesn't appear to be any issues associated with such, then this is your best bet. If such gives you great pause, and there doesn't seem to be any end to the grief, of such, then such might be suspect. *You wouldn't want to do a thing, in arts, music, or literature of any kind if the results you get were consistently unsatisfactory... you'll know the difference.* These are the ways of your discernment. At any rate. I'm sitting here on this couch,

shortly before our lunch, and when I get to go into town, to pay a bill. I put some time into this writing so far, this morning, and I have got two pages of material... *I'm hoping that after lunch, I'll feel better about getting strong ideas on paper, and I'll find more concert.* Until then, I'm somewhat on stand by. I would say, though, that when a good answer to a thing arises, you'll see and feel the difference right away... *it's always nice when the right stuff comes through, and I can see the real deal results.* So, this is what I can find now, so I'm glad to get along into

this new article... there isn't any more difficulty, and I've gotten the good answer I wanted. At any rate, the course of my writing is getting a boost, this week, because I'm migrating my offline writing to a new device. My old offline device was getting worn down, at the connectors, so I could barely charge it anymore. **It's good to be blessed with a new device.** Look at it like this. I'm so blessed, because I can remember how, back in my formative years, during the first decade after high school graduation, ***the only technology that was in***

my possession was my tape deck, and maybe my car radio. I think that, in the early nineties, the only people who had cellular phones were corporate executives, and mobsters. I had only seen one cell phone before. It came with a company car that my Dad was given to drive, when he was a senior art director at an important ad agency... *it was enormous, nearly as big as a small suitcase.* That must have been in the middle eighties. At any rate, today nearly everyone has a telecommunications super computer in their shirt pocket. So, I guess that

mankind has made it to the proverbial promised land. Our designers and engineers have taken the advancement of the use of electricity, and electrical circuitry to a highly refined place. *My writing from the first decade of this new century just didn't quite get this... I guess that I should have seen it coming, looking at the arc of the pace of microtechnology, but I never saw this kind of refinement and artificial intelligence in our communication devices.* Our simple flip phones have become extremely

powerful, burgeoning with this A I technology, and audio visual productivity tools, such as word processors that know what you're writing before you write it, from their predictive text feature, to highly powerful cameras, and photo and video editing tools that would rival the technology of major studios in previous decades. So, this high technology, and its inexpensive ubiquity, somewhat coincide with my generation's finding of their voices, in so many ways. Maybe this is why our bracket was simply called Generation

X. *I can think of a few other, less fortuitous reasons as well, but at least these don't seem to include the downfall of the kingdom, knock on wood.* At any rate, these words are beginning to come to their logical ends, now, so I'll wrap them up, and add in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

~

Sitting down, to try and find the right words, for a morning like this one, I reconnect with my inner spirit, *and*

*remember just why I am upon this writing and artistic path in the first place. It appears that I can do all good things through God that is within me. I only have to set my goal to a certain thing, **and I have a lot of intelligent, articulate potentialities ready to go.** So, when other people bother me, and I feel like giving up, *there will be inner motive power to do good despite controversy, or adversity.* The nature of my kind of depression, *is that my way appears lost, and hopeless... then the power of a good God lifts me**

up out of the shadows and murkiness. Depression doesn't last for long, in a victorious life. *At least this is the idea which most comes out at myself this morning.* If I continue staying receptive, and attenuated to what a good God can do in my life, *I'll continue to find the benefits of such.* The thing to remember, in a time such as this one, when self criticism is so strong... is that the Good Lord can turn it around. But, I think, that I come to an existential crisis, *on a day like this one, when I'm doubting myself, and can't see across... and I mostly*

need to walk in faith. **So, the problems of a solitary time, of defeat only work in a round about way, to strengthen myself.** You see? So, this is how I can be happy in a time like this one. So, my problems are not what I thought they are... **I think that they're only lessons in finding victory, despite strong self doubts.** I've myself never really written in such an reverent manner, in thought of such promises. I am finding more often how the Lord is so good in my life... I sometimes feel depressed and sad, *and the heavenly light is so*

*good in my heart, that the sadness doesn't stand a chance. I just returned from my middle day meal, and getting my medicine, and I've never been so impressed about how there appears to be a place for myself here, and most of the time, I find very normal inclusiveness, and beingness in the group here. **This tells me that I'm surely doing something right, these days.** I just can't say enough how good Spirit's presence is in my life. I was taught, how if there's a dim, but meaningful light in my life, shining like a window that is too high to*

reach... *then the light through that window will mean much more to me, than if I take it for granted, for instance.* So, what we set our mind's upon can be very important... whether light or dark. *I'm going through a sad time, since loss of my Mom, but I can see that her way was to follow the faintest glimmer of light, and it's hope and promise.* I'm expressing gratitude, to the good powers that be, which allow me to have a small sacred time, this afternoon at this word processor. **Something must be working right.** I somewhat agree,

that if the light is too high for me to reach, *then it might should be lower... or, (how that might not be such an ideal situation.)* **But, I myself usually have a good instinct for these kinds of migraines, as I feel this afternoon.** There will be recordings, and recording archives going out to willing listeners all through each day, these days. I can tell, that someone to whom I relate has a confounding issue, or problem, and my entering their life path *definitely may be a really good thing.* **So I put a lot of trust, and faith, in**

my own good system, to quickly spot troubles, and try and get them solved. But, many kinds of static problems, can only be helped by time, and by the having of patience. Nothing much else will work. At any rate. So, any given afternoon, I have to be prepared for some 'chemical imbalance,' issues to come up, depending more or less on how listeners' problems do or don't affect me. Anyway, you get the idea, how publishing is a complex kind of job, really an artistry, which tends to do better, really the less I know of the

particularities of such. ***I'd do best to stay out of a good God's work.*** At least this is the way such appears to be to me. You know what is the thing that I'm most grateful for in my life on Earth? *I'm grateful that things stay where I put them.* Things in the publishing world... I'm allowed to accomplish my objectives. ***And mostly, that this is the kind of Universe, where things stay where you put them, usually.*** See, I believe that our Universe is a computer, and the memory makes things stay where you put them. If the

memory was corrupted, or insolvent, then things might would have ways of disappearing. *But, me or you sure wouldn't want our things disappearing on us.* I think, that mainly I'm just given a sense this afternoon of a sort of false sense of chaotic malfunction burgeoning just beneath the surface of my life... I don't want to feel this way... *but when a lot is happening in my publishing world, and a lot of archives are being downloaded, I might feel as if chaos and disunity is encroaching.* When it might really not be doing that. **We might be in a more stable time,**

for instance. My worrying might all depend on one wild variable... on one long odds, that makes me worry too much. But, I'm just overthinking. *I should get used to my work being popular to some readers, and having a readership because this is partly what* **this land's Constitution was written for, for those with voices, and products which want to reach a thirsty world, with cool water, and America is just the right place for doing that kind of thing.** I think, that with my good God's help, I can really see my life and ways here

as being like the glass half full, ***rather than half empty.*** Another metaphor might be the one hundredth monkey comparison. At a point, I will have made all of my obligatory mistakes, and I'll be more or less right by default, or I'll tend to stay on the side of the right as my basic *modus operandi*. *Then my character won't cause any more troubles.* A community is always trying to grow, and learn, and adapt, and improve... *writers' communities also are doing this.* A person has to come to terms with his or her self isolating

tendencies... *because this can interrupt an otherwise good flowing, and put a person in the psychiatric hospital.* And you might not see it coming... your self isolating ways might have you fooled... you might have an episode, or a psychotic break, that you didn't see coming. This happened to me not once but twice. Anyways, i can see these ideas coming to their eventual conclusion, in through here, so I'll wrap them up, and add in with the others, now. ***If you can find these words, and if they make sense to you, then at least***

for ourselves, the good forces have won out. Occasionally, I get the sense that the darkneses in our lives are worse on one day more than another, *but in actuality, both days are perfect for doing all of the good things that will make our lives go fine now, and we can be entirely happy.*

Today is just as good a day as has ever been... ever. So, I'm going to find a way to be happy. That's all there is to it. Well, I'll wrap these ideas up, and add them in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

~

Sitting down, this third Sunday morning in February, to peer into what is in my mind, I know that I am glad for the nice partly sunny weather today... and I think to myself, that one would want an umbrella, because the chances for rain and storms appear good. We've got a messy bunch of warm winter precipitation in our region, and these are known for being blustery. But, it's not as if I should turn my computer off right now, I think that it will be fine to wait until the

weather gets obviously worse. On a morning like this one, though, I do tend to stay attuned to our ordinary flowing, *but I find that I'm greatly enjoying the audio book playing lightly in my ear phones.* I get a snack from the kitchen at around twenty minutes to eleven A M, and then return to my writing couch, to see what is on my writers' mind, now. Not much in the way of writing gets done in this morning, so I'm reapproaching it later in the day. I'm thinking that this writing will take me closer to the finishing of this part four of this

Reflections of Sol audiobook. But, it would be in the range of a ten minute article which would be necessary to finish up this chapter, so as words are coming somewhat slowly, this evening, *I'm given to think that it will take two articles of some length, to finish.* I'm sitting back on my writing couch with my word processor keyboard on my lap, to see if there is any thinking beneath the surface of my mind, this evening. Some time has passed, and it's nearly medicine time, on this partly cloudy, warm, February evening. I'm finding that the technology which

I've procured for myself to perform certain tasks, mainly portable playback of music and data cee dees, works much better, really, than I've given it credit for... *I can drop this palm sized ce dee player into my pocket, and it will play any good cee dee I put in it... indefinite play time is fine, and it will just repeat itself.* This device has a kind of halo around it, and I'm reluctant to put it through it's paces, and just make uility usage of it... but as I get used to it, and bond to it more positively, I think that it will hold up to regular usage. *I've needed*

a personal device which will play data cee dees, and this is it. Well, time is getting along, and writing this article is slow going. But, I can just see my way to finishing this latest chapter, in the course of this article, and maybe one more. Well, we here should have partly sunny skies, and high temperatures around low seventies throughout this coming week. So, another one of those mild Februarys. Winter usually has so many cold miserable days, though, and I expect that some will come in late February, early March... sometime, it's just not

clear when. Our supper time was good this evening, we were served chicken and dumplings, and mixed vegetables... *it seemed perfect for a night like this one.* I'll be glad to start a new work week, and I'm eager to find some projects to apply myself to. *In particular, it will be good to get my piano out, and try and take the lessons of the last two cee dees, and make some sort of complement to them.* I've learned that anything non typical, or non conventional, stylistically, I tend to shine best with... *so I'm going to be more adventurous*

in terms of generating abstract sounds, which a mind can rest in without any thought of the typical modes or figures even entering. I think, that the more abstract and non representational my playing can get, the better... I think that purely ambient, and space sentient playing, done in conscious participation with the spatio spiritual fabric, should be my priority. Not typical, or conventional modalities, but atypical modes. At any rate, I'm fairly eager to get some of these sounds onto media, and will do this soon. At any rate, our

evening has fallen, now, and our time is nearly at eight pea emm. ***I have to go get my evening medicines, but I'm reluctant to leave this sweet groove... it will be good to be in for the night afterward.*** I would have to say that to be living this life is just incredible... *being at the helm of so much self made literature is an unbelievable privilege, and I have got to tell of it.* There was more than a decade of blind, restless wandering, going back into my early teens... *I could never have dreamt of such glorious, yet anonymous success.* **Yet**

here it is. Well I've told of this wonder, now, and those who read this will hear. I must be near a zenith in my career span, for sure. It's always nice to think how, almost certainly ***no one in my midst has any inkling of my prolific output, so this is a good thing to me.*** A very small piece of makeshift paradise, if you ask me. Well I can get these ideas finding their conclusions now, so I'll wrap them up and send along your way now. All for now, Greg.

~

Today is Monday morning, the third one in February this year, and I've been up already since early, and have gotten over to the office, for my medicines, and returned to the apartment. I'm looking into this flowing of language onto my page, *and can tell a great deal just by seeing the strength with which these thoughts arise.* I can conclude that we've got everything in good shape, and God's spirit is telling me that she's in control, *and can easily advance my writing*

along ahead. For this, I'm very grateful, and proud to be in such capable hands. This all appears to send away my worry and concern about the time... *I know enough about a Monday like this one to know, that I should start this writing, and keep my wheels turning.* This I think is important. Just having an outlet such as this one is really the answer to life's main struggles... **so many folks simply lack the purpose and meaning in their life to just put together a new beginning, in starting a new week.** Most people

are on the down side of a writer's block. ***Most people you meet, at a life's station similar to this one, are predominantly social beings.***

These look to their usual relationships in their living. When a person's foremost relationship is with someone who has passed beyond, this physical plane, then everything turns around and is based upon, ***'Is there any audio visual developing happening right now?' 'Are you in the arms of our media content developing society?' or 'Do you wish to be?'*** There will be a distance, herein... or

else there will be little separation, between Self and the promises of healthy living. ***Having a gift of some sort is definitely something to cultivate, and nurture.*** Many families are based around the possession of these gifts... *and the most important gifted may not even know that their talent is 'the focus' and 'the objective' of life.* I stayed somewhat in my self imposed ignorance, up until around age twenty three, *at which point I began learning gradually of the 'Ways of the Spirit.'* Everyones' course will be different and

unique. But, for myself, the initiating of this consciousness awareness program, and joining in with at least one higher ascended guide, or spirit, quickly became my full focus, and I found myself in an agitated, irritable state. This, of course, required its own medication... ***so I used inebriants and ephedrine stimulants to relieve me of this pain and anguish.*** After this time began, my life was geared around alleviation of my pain and suffering. Nothing much else could interest me. So of course, drinking and consuming inebriating

medicines became foremost in my life, again. *Six years later, I was allowed a more or less full release from this suffering, which for my purposes, was a profound, sweeping, life changing experience in itself.* But, I must have thought that the road ahead would be easy, then,... *because I, within five years, started back drinking and doping, yet again. In fact I had a total wipe out, in two thousand and three, and nearly died.* **I came to the pivotal conclusion, then, that group home living was going to have to be my main modality in my**

living... there was no other way.

So, this is what made the difference.

At that point, my healing really came

through for me, because I knew then

that fully independent living would

only ensnare me in drinking and pill

abuse time and again. So, this was

like 'making the crucial connection,'

and after this time, my life has been

mostly happy, and in the company of

others like myself, ***focused on***

sobriety, and on keeping the

groups standards. This is what

saved me. There wasn't any other

way. I just had to quit hoping for the

highs of independence, *and face the fact that there would be no more drinking binges, or all nighters.* I had to stay clean, or else face death. At any rate, I'm writing these thoughts to somewhat square away the differences of this time, and to get my writing further along. ***I may be able to finish this book chapter with this article, so this is what I'm doing.*** I'm working for the finished equity, because that's where my values are at. *When I can have something to show for the time, then I'll be really happy with the time.* It's one thing to have

instruments, and devices, and appliances, but without motivation to do good work for yourself, nothing will happen. *Without a concerted program of journaling, or building, in the basic sense, as in with words, or sounds... or as in visual expression, then your time may become stagnant and non productive.* There's a shift we make, in living, to this seeing of the actual finished equity as the foremost goal in life, *which is a most important thing to know, if you ask me.* At any rate, I'm fairly thrilled to have this new article started, and I can now work on such

across the day. This all, so as to deal with the time that this is, and to not miss the opportunity for positive growth today. ***It's good to see some definite plan, in my approach to things, now.*** Anyways, our skies are clear, and blue, our temperature is cool and comfortable in the sunn, and we've got a nice rhythm of self care, and personal hi jean this morning. After that we'll have some lunch, and be ready for the afternoon. I should be more finished with this work by then, and can hopefully produce my finished chapter four. Well it's nearly

our lunch break time, and then we'll have the afternoon. ***I put an audio cee dee in my hand held player, now, and focus on finishing this article.*** Now that lunch is behind us, we're freed up to work on whatever is in our minds presently. I'm nearly done with this, so I set my sights next on getting the finished part four completed. Well, I guess that I should be done with this by around three oh clock break, and I'll be able to rest and relax. *I hope that my reader has found what he or she likes in this writing, and can get along into*

whatever else they wish for. I'll
somewhat finish these thoughts up,
and add them in with the others, now.
All for now, Greg.

~

I'M SITTING DOWN, THIS PLEASANT,
warm February evening, to come up
with some early ideas for starting my
latest audiobook chapter... part five, of
the 'Reflections of Sol' audiobook. I
was just thinking over some memories,
of how I somewhat was... the person I
used to be... back in the three or four

years leading up unto the Mayan Baktuun observance time, in twenty twelve. At a point, back around two thousand and nine, *I began reading everything I could get my hands on... and got just thirsty for the 'lore of the Americas.'* I tried to save every snippet and idea of wisdom that I could glean from dozens of internet authors... in the pursuit of some truths, which I knew were embedded in some of those writings, because of the authors' good names, and affiliations, and the journals which I found the articles in. *My two key comprehensions, from out*

of all of that reeding, were thus:

First, there were numerous types of temple monument structures, which the Ancients used... and I looked at information about these.

One in particular caught my writer's eye, through my reeder's eye. In this particular kind of Zig A rutt the Ancients, whether they were ordinary Humans, or some kind of Gods, or Kings, or Aliens, for that matter, ***made the temple out of alternating layers of a particular type of rock... sandstone... sandwiched with one inch thick layers of***

another kind of rock... namely, mica. Well, I read, and re read this information, and at the time wasn't quite sure of what to make of it. But, years having passed, I think that I can see how the rock was something of a part of our living Planet, and the mica layers to me today *look like those Ancient builders, whoever they were, wanted to harness, or harvest, or hear the invisible electromagnetic signals in empty space... everywhere... suggesting that those beings had special insight into the living planet Earth... and especially an*

*understanding of the properties of the rocks of this Earth. **Those people were building some kind of energy harvesting device... much like a type of analog tuner, for receiving radio.*** Haven't you taken apart an old radio, and looked inside the tuning knob, and seen those layers of mica, sandwiched with metal, or silicon? At any rate, this is what I gleaned from my accumulated reeding, in those years... ***along with the information about the one hundred thousand year Ice Age cycle, which geological records, such as core***

samples, and cut profiles, reveal alternately back into infinite Earth time. You see, once I figured out a bit about the living Planet, *and understood as well how the climate here alternates between temperate and glacial... this really has more recently opened my mind up to a more accurate picture of infinite Antiquity, in general...* as especially this evening, I can see in my mind a clear picture of layers upon endless layers of ancient trilobite fossils, and ancient giant fern trees, and dinosaurs... going back to time periods, which I am made to

wonder of, '***Did Humans even exist here? Or were we somewhat more recent arrivals?***' So, in starting my new part five of this 'Reflections of Sol' audiobook, I'm thinking of the true depth of time, and getting these ideas somewhat out of my system, and onto this page, here tonight. I think, that more than anything, this is why I like my slow, lugubrious style of piano playing, favoring these slow and languid moods and tempos, rather than the pep and the bounce of much of modern music. I make the music of dinosaurs, and I think that some

others do too... this kind of ponderous, slow turning and at times ghostly music. But, I guess that the key insight which I came away with, from that reeding and study time, was pertaining to ideas, and science which these people possessed, which were of a living planet, which courses with its own electromagnetic wavelengths, and those ones knew, or were shown, especially, how to use the alternating layers of sandstone and mica, to make a kind of tuner, or receiver, which, we can only speculate, operated on some electromagnetic principles which we

have somewhat lost understanding of.

How can this wisdom be

recovered? The other key takeaway

from these readings, would have to be

the information from rock core

samples, and rock cut profiles, from

the Earth... **about the apparent**

cycling of this planets climate

between temperate, interglacial

periods, and ice ages, at one

hundred thousand year intervals

going back into time infinite... the

earliest ages of our living Planet

Earth. So you see, there were a lot of

intelligent people writing very good

examinations of the Planet's paleo, and geological history... but most of it exists in differing relationships... to those two insights. At least this was somewhat my conclusion. At any rate. I'm getting these ideas down, as some 'Reflections of Sol,' this morning. You can do with them what you wish. Maybe the subtle fields, which they tried to interact with, just don't, or didn't compare to our electrical circuitry of our appliances and devices of today's world... our 'later day' understanding of the practical uses of alternating and direct current alone

somewhat eclipse those subtle field workings. ***They were harvesting lightning bolts.*** Today we use transistors, integrated circuitry, resistors, capacitance, diodes, and we transform and convert voltage in various ways. Maybe a Zig A Rutt such as that was a type of early capacitance or potential device, *which was supposed to work when struck by lightning bolt.* Today we don't know. But our modern implementation of electricity and current somewhat outmoded those efforts, and today we're somewhat freed from reliance on

lightning. But, after all, we're all 'under the sky,' and are of course susceptible to natural phenomena such as rain, temperature, wind, earthquake, fire, and lightening are just some of what we have to contend with. At any rate, you get the idea...

But we've moved way past those beginnings, though, with electricity, and electromagnetic fields. Anyways, these ideas are

good to have seen, though, and I hope that they entertain your spirit in some way. Well, these ideas will hopefully begin my new part five of this

'Reflections of Sol' audiobook. All for now, Greg.

~

Sitting, to look into the surface of my empty word processor page, this warm, February morning, this year, I'm greatly enjoying the light flowing of piano music from my portable optical data player, and taking in the sunshiny scene from through my open bedroom window blinds. *I'm going to make myself content, by taking care of anything I can think of, even if it's*

only busy work. I think that I'm definitely at my best when I try, when I'm thinking, and when I'm busy. There's a great talent in being able to come up with excellent work, excellent content, *while not really changing, or altering anything real in any way whatsoever.* You're just given content, without any of the detrimental negative side effects. Earlier this morning, I quite enjoyed my latest solo keyboard album, and somewhat grasped how this is a quality product. These days, my work is more electronic in nature, sonically, than the

more or less fully grand piano albums of my piano meditations period. So, you read these latter albums differently... they're somewhat in the same camp with the synthesis composers, the main distinctions of my sound being it's slow, languid pace, *and the fact that such is made up in the now, and has been completely improvised on the spot.* This makes for some very in the moment, spontaneous performances. My good ability, at the modalities I do use, also, gives most of my pieces a classic sound and quality that's, I

think, hard for a novice to imitate, or emulate. *(I keep my excellence at the keys somewhat of a secret, most days. However, every once in a while, someone will get me interested in recording together with others, and these recordings, become cherished, and revered.)* **Everyone approaches improvisational music in a different manner.** It really helps, I think, to know how to work the rhythm and chordal settings on your keyboard, and I've had success when the other person I'm jamming with already knows how to do this. My own work is

a kind of free flowing organic *slow, and space centric style*, usually, so when someone wants to jam with me, *I'm just not as proficient at holding the drum kit rhythm type patterns down...* I don't like mechanical rhythms in my playing, and while there's a lot that can be done with such, *unless someone is very good at rhythm fills, and breaks, and knows how to lead chordal progressions, it might not get anywhere... I'm a little too much of an ideocrat to make my leadership work.* My opinion, is that unless someone wants to try and embellish my solo

recordings with lead and support instrumentation, we'll stay at a standstill. I'm very introverted, these days, and the kinds of changes which begin showing up in my recording sessions usually only make me keep even more to myself... so I doubt if I'll ever have the thorough leadership abilities which my old band mate in the late nineteen nineties had... ***I'm quite eccentric, and stay to myself.*** I'm just going to see if there are any new ideas coming through, at the evening of today... I'm being quite rejuvenated by this little duo of

women, playing chello and fiddle, and this ambience gives to this evening a festive feel... much as I found often in my days of listening to public radio, and enjoying acoustic sounds, and finding in real bowed instruments a warmth and spirit that somewhat transcends my petty concerns, and where I may or may not be personally right now, and unites the heart with ancient musical traditions... *nothing is better than this unfolding of my heart, and dissolving of my boundaries, this warm February evening here.* While we're getting this

warm winter weather, our news is somewhat that the Northeast coast of our land is getting a powerful snow storm this weekend, and there will likely be power outages, and hazardous travel, especially Monday morning. Some places are expecting as much as two feet of heavy, wet snow. In the back of my mind, I know that our warm weather here is likely to turn to heavy precipitation for us as well, *as the cold of this time of year eventually pushes through... I just doubt strongly that we're done with winter just yet.* Well, these words are

getting along, and I can find them coming to their gradual resolution, in through here. This essay will be the second article in this fifth part of my **'Reflections of Sol'** audiobook this year. Our time is shortly before I have to get over to our office for evening medicines, and I'm going to add a few thoughts, while I wait, as they come to me. I've found how here lately, I've had more than a hundred large archive downloads of my best piano work, per week. This has gotten my senses somewhat peaked, and the new keyboard album which I performed and

produced last week *has put my conscious awareness somewhat front and center... I don't recall feeling this 'in the spotlights,' way in a while.* I'll be glad to get back over here and to bed soon. At least this is what I'm telling myself... wishful thinking, because I don't feel very sleepy, yet. *But, sleep will come when I'm patient. The eyelids start getting very heavy, at a time... this closes the evening, and gets me along to another day.* I can be reasonably sure of staying in tomorrow... at least, I don't have anyplace special that I want to go.

Well, this article is getting along, as an 'ado about nothing,' and I anticipate that I'll get these ideas in with the others after this meeting at eight thirty. *A bite of food to eat will be good as well.* I can tell, tonight, that I couldn't be happier with today's outcome. *See, earlier in the week, if you had told me that I would have found the blessings which I have today, I might wouldn't have believed you.* We do have hidden talents, which sometimes come forth, if things are in order... **and I would say that I'm for one very blessed, tonight.** Just

having this good article coming through, my mind, which there was a time that my heart and mind was chaos and darkness, and blindness... *but if we believe in a Good God, then surely the needed assistance can come through.* Well, I've just had such a fun time, and am feeling very grateful. *Well, you would, too, if you had such good friends as I do... some are real, some are invisible.* **At any rate, I feel that kindred spirits are close at hand... some near, some far.** There is a place, and a plan for that one of pure spirit, who in

gentleness and meekness, can look within, **and see that every need is taken care of.** This has been the theme of my life for years. Anyways, I'll bring this writing to a close, and go get these medicines. All for now, Greg.

~

I thought that I'd try to get an essay started, this fourth Sunday in February, this year. Our skies are clear, *the temperature is chilly, and windy, fairly cold, but not freezing yet.*

For most people, as they get up in years, they begin to look at the reality, of how, after they've been gone from this world, for forty or fifty, or more years, *all that may remain of their 'empire,' might be a shoe box full of moldy, dingy plastic and metal keepsakes, if even that.* Many people will remember being shown an small old cigar box containing all of their Mother's, or Father's defunct, and moldering artifacts. Time marches on, in its steady machinations, and all that might remain might be a little junk... only a few things of sentimental value,

which a neice, or grandson, or daughter knows and feels very little about. Unless we write our truths, and honest reflections down onto paper, and take some time for ourselves to build our own memory, **our own recollection... we'll be forgotten, quite strictly, just gone.** So, it really helps to write our thoughts... *who else will do this simple thing, and thus make peace with a good future, if not you?* Anyways, I hope with these words to make my own peace, and leave some slight remembrance. Because no one else will do this if I

won't. You'll learn to get past or around any mental blocks... the muscular tensions that arise unexpectedly in your sinus, mind, face, and scalp, and appear to take center stage. If we learn mental flexibility, we'll be able to see around most kinds of *transient ghosts*, or *tension patterns*, on the surface of your *mind brain juncture*. These kinds of dense migraines, suggest that our time is ahead of some local or regional weather or natural emergency... *ourselves may survive it, but many won't*. Mother Nature is always

shifting and changing, *and before you know it, you've got a situation on your hands.* **Like right now, when the blizzard is expected in the Northeast tonight.** That's exactly how Nature is. But, I'm also thinking to myself, how **"I'm proud of myself for making the 'Bark, Moss, Flowers,' recordings"** *"Something from nothing, now I see."* Well, what in the world will my spiritual muses think of next? At any rate, I think that the reigns of power will always be controlled by a fortunate few, and the poor *will always have to struggle to*

get to work to do their job to get their pay. I sometimes wax poetic, and philosophic musings on life appear to arise from nowhere. If your life has given you sufficient perspective on life on Earth to be able to wax philosophic, *then that's good for you.* **But, even the most privileged among us still have to perform certain daily, mundane tasks.** 'What do you have if you see in one way, only until you externalize that thought, at which point, you see in the other way?' ***'I've looked at life, and adapted, only to see it change again,'*** for starters.

At any rate, these ideas are getting along down my page, and I am beginning to wonder quite where they will lead... I can easily find how the best radio listening experience comes, ***when we are really paying attention to the content... and are really moved by the music, for instance.*** If you think that a radio station should be followed religiously, but you're not really enjoying the music they play, *then maybe you should get back to that musics' roots.* I found that my mind quickly gets mired in quicksand, if I don't practice a

type of yoga stretch, a sunn salute, by raising my hands and arms up past the sides of my face, and head, toward the sky. *If I can remember to do this, despite the difficulty, I'll discover, I think, a more versatile, flexible baseline.* This might allow me to take on more complex, difficult jobs, and actually make them work. But, when I'm frequently troubled by inwardly head tensions, and migraines that don't let up for an entire stretch of hours... ***I can estimate that there's a natural disaster, or event of some kind, that causes much pain,***

up ahead. You ask yourself, '*Why can't we just live for today, and enjoy the good feelings, and rest that such has?*' But, the future has ways of folding back upon and affecting us in this present. I've for years had the saying, how, '*All of space and time is one ceaseless, changing, morphing whole.*' We can't always escape the concerns of the future, any more than we can escape the concerns of a past, if such was real to us. See? Anyways, people have thought in this way across all time... I guess that I do some too. I'm reminded, lately of a gently sloping

off and on ramp... this visualization kind of allows myself to blend into the encompassing spiritual cognitive topography. *This is something akin to a major understanding for myself, right now.* I've been trying to diagnose this particular exploit on my mind for the past twenty four hours or more, and getting nowhere. *Just see it... a gently sloping off ramp, and maybe, on ramp as well.* Then you can feel more comfortable in your personal and collective space. I have heard it said, that one's heart is at one's language and speech center... *certainly, if this*

part of me is in pain, I feel pain all over. Tooth aches are sometimes pretty debilitating, when they happen, for instance. At any rate. *Being without a workable answer, with regards to the yogic plaine, is also like being broken, so it's very good to see and find the 'gently sloping off ramp...' this will do fine.* At any rate, our weather is fairly chilly, and with good breezes blowing the tree tops all around... while north and to the east are dealing with a wintery system, like a cyclone, which blows wet snow clouds inland from off shore. For us,

our coldest day should be tomorrow, with highs not getting out of the thirties. But at least we'll have sunshiny skies. But we should have a partly cloudy and warmer week, and rain is expected towards the end of next week. ***In the south, where we are, cold and rain in February are something like the exception, as we get so many warm and sunny days.*** But, if you have to be out in cold rainy drizzle even once, *like to gather firewood*, then to you, **winter is getting bad. But, our climate here is at the isothermal**

equivalent of the south of France.

Just saying what I need to say, after which I can get back to a gently sloping off ramp or on ramp visualization. At any rate, my heart really goes out to those in Philadelphia, Boston, New York City who are getting the snow tonight. *Power outages are expected, and such as that would require a whole re adjustment, when the temperature is cold.* Not to mention the pitch dark neighborhood at night would have to be transcended. Well, I can see these ideas coming to their eventual end,

about in through here, so I'll wrap them up and add in with the others. *Well, all for now,* I'll send this along your way now. Greg.

~

As I sit to collect a few thoughts, this sunny, brisk morning, in February, this year, I hope to look at a few things that are on my mind, lately, and somehow come to some better understanding, than I have at this present. One of my medicines, I've found out, is very expensive, costing

at around fifteen hundred, to almost three thousand dollars per dosage. I seem to be thinking, that, this is what I have Medicaid for, to cover costs of medicines. But, I never was told of this high cost. I looked this medicine up on the internet back when I first started taking it, around twenty sixteen. I saw, from the information that was there, that it stays in the intramuscular area where it's injected, and doesn't leave the body through urine very much at all. Most of it becomes metabolized, compared to some other similar medicines, which

easily get voided through urine. Serotonin is a neurotransmitter and hormone produced primarily in the gut, but also in the brain stem.

Serotonin modulates brain activity. It works with other chemicals to manage the sleep - wake cycle. **Dopamine is commonly spoken of as the 'feel good ' neurotransmitter.**

Normal production of this helps regulate our effort - reward linkage, *and this gives us healthy motivation to do the things that make our lives worthwhile.* My medicine, according to Google, **works**

mainly to balance these two main neurotransmitters... the serotonin, and the dopamine. At any rate, the hardest thing, in my cognitive spiritual life seems to be the continual downward frictional weight and pressing of atmosphere, biosphere, and beingness, on my inner sinus, my nose hairs, and the most tender tissue of my nose, and equilibrium centers, in my inner ears. *This downward pulling, and pressing force, gravity, and air mass pressure, acts on my own mass, and makes the vast volumes of air around and above our lives take on a*

*weight known as atmospheric pressure, which our ears for example balance for ourselves, between inside our body and outside our body, **using the eustacian tubes to equalize this pressure difference.*** Well, this is a quick overview, I know, but you can probably see the main factors on my life, according to my own perspective. Other factors in my inner cognitive spiritual mind sphere life might include the relative ways that my writing, music, and art, and photography is seen and received by my culture... ***the ways that my work***

affects how I'm in turn seen, and treated.

Another strong factor in my inner wellbeing **is the positive and negative, good and bad fruits, or consequences of my own actions and behaviors.**

Our thoughts often are seen as '**who we basically are,**' but frequently, I feel that we're affected by the thought actions of others. *This is sometimes such a complex puzzle, and enigma to see, and work out for oneself.* If one believes in the self authorship of his or her own thoughts... categorically, then that means that 'you' is a general

concept which includes the full range of sights and inner sounds which the inner self perceives, or does, within the mind. Tactile, or touch sensations, I believe have a lot to do with how we feel, and experience our worlds. *At least some of the inner world, may be in the hands of genetic influences, such as ancestors, and those who have passed away.* I think that, it's always a good question to ask, this of just *'Who's action, was it which made a certain thought?'* Look at it like this. Who is it who says, inwardly, **'I am?'** Or, **'I act?'** **'I will make an certain**

action,' or 'I won't make any such action.' I believe, that to a certain extent, we can know what we do and don't do. *What we will and won't do.* I believe in the essential calling, which goes, '*Know thyself, and to thine own self be true.*' I myself know that I can't be made to do a thing, if I don't want to do it. Of course, things such as this are so relativistic... I can be shown how, ***I know certain things, and I do certain things, and certain things I know I won't do.*** **This, I believe is Truth.** At any rate, the questions of the Self and that

selve's basic existance and actions or lack therof have been spoken of down through time. Man has always asked of himself these questions. The essential calling, comes again into view: **'Know thyself, and to thine own self be true.'** If we really do know essentially who and what we are, and what we do and don't do, *what we will and, importantly, won't do, then I feel that we are equipped for life in the world of gray shades, and shadowy forms, which the spiritualist perceives.* So, you see? I asked these questions of myself quite stringently back in

nineteen ninety six, when I first began to be given the 'Plateaus,' and 'Inner Truth,' pamphlets. You see, asking these questions somewhat precipitated a break down, for myself, back then, which brought on a serious self injury attempt. I simply considered the future, and my coming career, which was somewhat of a writer's voice, *which hadn't been developed at that early stage.* **I definitely had to get to know my inner self, and familiarize myself with all of the constants, and the variables, of self analysis... of self study.** This

was, at the time, somewhat more than I knew what to do with. But, I knew that I had to start somewhere. I had to learn the ranges, of behaviors, and associative similiudes, of not only sprites, and elementals, but of my own self... where ever I may be, *whether in my linguistic faculty, and glottis, or in my 'pineal gland,' as the seat of the soul, or just in the general vicinity of 'the heart of me.'* At any rate, all of these basics had to be covered, and this is what my conscious mind began in earnest to do, in the years nineteen ninety six, and seven. Due to the

particularity of my predicament, in those days, I couldn't get any peace, or contentment, or experience of bliss in my life, unless I had in my belly an inebriant, or an ephedrine stimulant. So back then, good times only lasted so long, and so when my pills ran out, and the last effects wore off, I always became gripped by dark despair. I knew that I had to do this self medicating, if I was to do contented types of exercises, or pasttimes, such as any reading, or vegetative experiencing... of the television, for instance, or the radio. I think that,

today young men are prescribed Adderall, or Ritalin, and this handles the lack of inner attention span, or contentedness, or put simply, experience of bliss. So, I think that I had to kick start, through gradually re learning the ways of my own literary voice, gradually being shown to write, to find answers, *and to know what I do think about anything at all, through not only my interactions and socially, but through writing.* Oh, so and back to the dopamine, and serotonin, I had to 'kick start,' this type of motivated persona which writes to deal with life

issues... finished writing is only one thing which activates my 'reward chemicals.' Any kind of making of new equity, whether such is written, or artistic, in music, or visually... *building this equity brings on plenty of my reward chemicals. So, I stay fully motivated, and able to give back, a life's career of good work.* Anyways, you can see these things, and why I started into this writing this morning, should be more apparent, and I'll give this entire piece a re reed, and add it in with the others now. I'll send this along your way, now. *All in my trying*

to see my way to expensive medicines. Does this help me, or increase my troubles, and problems?
In other words, is the medicine worth the cost?

Post script: As a young boy, growing up, I was shown how to read, early... I think, that this was my Mom's main early calling with myself. *She read many books to myself, with me in her lap, and her pointing to the words with her finger.* I became a real reader, and read many children's books, growing, and finding out all about this

literature. Later I was shown periodicals, and reference books, such as encyclopedias, and dictionaries. I've often thought that my boyhood education came firstly through books, then through peers, and magazines, ***and my participation in youth organizations, from about age six on up, to eighteen or nineteen... these shaped the man which I was to become.*** But, books accompanied all these paths. Books went to school with me, and back home. I had older peers, ten years older men who gave me a steady diet of science fiction and

fantasy books. This is really what essentially sparked off my belief in the potentialities of my own mind. I told myself, ***'If I could do what these other writers could do, I would have a cachet into our materialistic society.'*** ***'I could write myself into whomever I wished myself to be.'*** And so, from a young age, part of my ambitions were to write, and to invent and re invent myself the ways professional writers do. My piano playing was somewhat secondary to this writing. I guess, that I was drawn into the

outdoors, as we moved out of the city to the country when I was six, *and I cherished the mysteries, and moods of the tangled woods, and thickets.* **I had a hard time leaving these natural environments to come in for my shower in the evening.** I wanted to live in the woods, somewhat, and my dad built me tree forts. But, as the harsher hormones and chemicals of my puberty onset began to enter my life, I began to gravitate more to my studies, to somewhat determine what was wrong. *(Reed: Eastern Mysticism,)* I think that

my Mom's real Dad was a 'problem drinker,' and in my life, alcohol and the street drugs entered along with my drivers license. Much of my early bewilderment, at puberty's onset, I believe was due to my being somewhat sucked into alcohol and drug culture, at a point, and this was just an 'whole another course,' unto itself. I became '**alcohol and drug fuelled**,' this itself was a ten year course, *(Never mind the presence daily of various spiritual states, and learning the ways of that Spirit.)* But, an comfortable environment, which is

air conditioned, and where I could consult my books eventually won this struggle, **only, now, this was found in a group home.** At any rate, this writing, so as to fill in my reader as to my actual developmental factors, somewhat pre dating the schizoid changes, and diagnosis, and so forth. There was only one traumatizing incident, when I was around fifteen, which might would have resulted in an 'chemical imbalance,' and, as I left home for college years, I met many willing ears, and was offered much perspective. This all got myself best

prepared for the challenges, and obstacles, the main avocations of my thirties, and fourties, and beyond... writing, and music, and visual art. I'm fifty six now. At any rate, this article has wovnd its gradual, eventual way, and I'll take the necessary measures to put such in with the other **'Reflections of Sol,'** writings, and get them seen and understood. I'll send this along your way now. All for now, Greg.

~

This afternoon, I looked at an interesting film about the synthetic hallucinogens... drugs that bring on profound mental effects. I was impressed by the comparisons made of this experience with model psychosis, or schizophrenia. This book, this **'Reflections of Sol,'** audiobook, *is like a condensation of many of these deep understandings into a scrollable text. I'm quite a good example of a success story, who gave everything to the hallucinogenic experience, and was saved by strong spiritual presences in my midst. But, part of*

my nature, is to somewhat push others away from myself, and self isolate. *So, my self on more than one time found my personal ego self eroded almost entirely, and the complexes of paranoid schizophrenia entirely drowning out my self... I had two serious self injury attempts, and landed in group home living, for the rest of my life. **These days, my inner life is held in a good balance by good psychiatric medicines, and a therapeutic environment.*** This brief description probably sounds forboding to yourself, *but the actual*

reality, of daily life here, is like a real down home family. Each of the consumers which stay here have their own unique behaviors, and strategys... some have tourettes syndrome, which produces frequent verbal outbursts. *But, as spiritualists, we see unusual behaviors such as these as the result of familial, hereditary personalities, and outcomes which make their presence known by these affects.* So, wholistically seeing the self, as a kind of amalgamate of a collective of spirit presences lets us easily understand most any of these sorts of affects.

When a person's indwelling will say anything wild, but never threaten anyones life or safety, this is thought to mean that the person is held in the hands of love, ***and can be trusted, and understood, as of some integrity.*** This harmless nature, which never makes any verbal threat, is a commonality amongst those consumers who do have healthy, productive lives in group home settings, and whose mental health is kept healthy through therapeutic practices, and psychiatric medicines. This which I've spoken of is just one

example of a type of behavior pattern... **there are many.** For instance, with myself, a spiritual community is something that I experience inwardly, and doesn't, or may not show up much exoterically. *An inner spiritual connection is something that somewhat follows from one's life situation, and station.* When someone external to my life shows interest, and forgiveness to myself, and acts in an amenable, and agreeable manner so as to be a 'life relationship,' *this somewhat makes me sit up and take notice.* In terms of

diagnosing problems, and spotting trends, with a 'life relationship,' *this can be pretty special.* Just making someone feel focused upon is pretty good in itself. I've come to trust a few members of this group... but two or three good friends is all. I tell myself, that ***my work is somewhat serious, and spirit led, and therefore tends to get taken seriously by some.*** At any rate, This writing is coming along, but slowly this morning. I'll be glad when I can put it aside, and just vegetate. But, an inner relationship is something to

cherish... ***so crafts such as this writing are often chosen.*** Today is the last Thursday in February, this year, and I sit alone, at seven A M, and inputting this text. ***I'm drowsy, and this sleepiness in my head makes focusing on writing kind of blurry.*** But you can imagine myself somewhat resting, and waiting at the baseline ground of being... this receptive waiting for the new is kind of a nice thing... *It's nice to think that I'm caught up with my work enough to await the new.* This continues for a few minutes, before a somewhat more

concerted spirit presence inputs nearly a whole sentence at once. ***Today our group is going to go to the Dollar Store, and I hope to get some artificial sweetener, and a two litre coke.*** At any rate, my time is at seven thirty, now, and I begin thinking about getting going and getting ready for our first meeting of the day. We're in our medicines line, now, and this wait isn't long, we'll be on our way soon. Our store trip will be soon after this gets along. I'm next, so I'll be ready when my turn comes up. Later in the afternoon, it's nearly two pea

emm, now, and I'm looking forward to a snack in the kitchen, soon. Our store trip went, and returned, and so now we've gotten the things we needed. It's fairly easy to have a time of communal oneness, by turning one's television on, and looking at some of the prime time network ariel reception fare. **But, since I've entered into telepathic consciousness, I've more or less exclusively sought to detach from such.** But me being somewhat less competitive, would rather not have my boundaries blurred in that way, but more like my private

media... *this is just basically how I am, these days.* **You definitely can be in a group home, and still have firm boundaries, and stay well within them.** Our time is just ahead of evening medicines, so I'll look for a stopping point, in this paragraph, and go join the others. There's rarely ever much of a wait in getting these medicines, so I'll get back soon, and get in and get to bed. *I've smoothed out this writing, and am now thinking of some concluding thoughts. Tomorrow's Friday, and I'm glad and relieved to be getting along into*

another weekend. Anyways, returning to the hallucinogen topic, some of us will have gotten into spiritual cognition later than everyone else... these minds might will have been in pain, by later teenage years, as childhood reverie slips away, along with innocence, and some will attempt to reverse this process with such drugs, illegally... **while this can somewhat reframe the person's cognitive experience, I think such causes more pain than it solves.** The only way to really be allowed into the inner conversation, is through **'straightening up,'** and

'getting sober.' *Because this change will not be initiated for most until an ascended elder gives the go ahead.* You see, then, how foolish it is to risk a felony legal charge, for the sake of something that only teases the mind, which might not lead to spiritual wellbeing... at all. ***Because this is a particular change that I think has to come when the person has met the Elder's criteria for 'sobriety,' and spiritual wellness, then follows.*** True spiritual wellness can click into place, but this may not be until the family agrees for it to. (Some

may question if you can even have spiritual wellness in a room where the ceiling is too low... I would suggest that there, the ceiling is too high, not too low... and we don't want to worry about extra planetary threats, but should keep our concerns in the health, hygiene, good diet, and wellbeing areas... not in extra planetary worries... this is God's area... but we have to live in the material, mortal plane, and keep our peace with imperfection.) My writing gets pretty hare brained... especially when I'm just trying to come up with

content... and this has to be avoided. But, there's real thought I could put in this article. In particular, when I was young, people thought I was weird, and no one much knew where my life would take me. You see, from infancy, there was a kind of a dual layer set of meanings, around my life. My Grandmom's upright grand piano was a Grinnell Brothers piano, made near where she was from, in Michigan. *When Ms. Sarah died, in nineteen seventy five, her old piano came to me. Well, the initials of my name are G R N, so Granny's piano was more*

meaningful than I thought it was... such based a whole world of musical thought... and today, I'm simply very prolific. I think that some careers are based around coincidences like this... and I've also thought how, you can manufacture Providence, and good luck, in much the same way as which I was named. Gregory came to me... I don't know exactly how, but I have an older cousin named Craig. Robert was my Dad's first name... and Norton was already. So, you see, my name came quite naturally. (The piano manufacturer was an old name from

those parts. The Cat who would disappear except for his smile was an older story out of England, but Grinnell was the name of a family near the Great Lakes, in Michigan.) I've told you everything I know about this... **now you know what I know.** Well, anyways, I can see these ideas somewhat coming to their conclusion around in through here, so I'll wrap this writing up, and add it in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

~

As I sit to get some thoughts written, this first Sunday, first day in March this year, I'm really impressed with the sunshiny, cool brilliance of this morning, the happiness of the nature, making it's usual courses, and sounds, around our yard and surroundings.

I sit on this couch inside, and look up from my word processor screen through the open window blinds across the room. *I consider the things I can't see about myself, my defining characteristics... **things that others see plainly.*** Whomever one is, that set of appearances appears to be in

peace, this morning... *those others around allow me to be, without imposing limits, requirements, or conditions... life is free, and there is time for it to be what it wishes to be.* Oh, what a beautiful morning! Oh, what a beautiful day, indeed. I'm listening closely to the '**Silver World You'll Need Fire**' album and trying to come to some conclusive understanding. *But, there's talent, and then there's higher talent.* Both, I think, have similar outcomes. I'm thinking these thoughts to myself, while I listen, and think about the

flowing of similar ideas through other's lives....

'I'm beginning to understand,' I think to myself, **'.... how the day and time flows through days and nights in lives in my land, in the form of phrases, and sentences, and paragraphs...'**

The flowing of the stream and river means that Spirit is a conscious or unconscious presence and force in those lives... **'...and we can know our God through our ongoing and activity.... our productivity... our Gross Domestic Product,'** so to speak. While I'm writing these words

down, I'm thinking of the soul presence inhabiting my current momentum of flowing. *We practice philosophy in living, because we see so many comparisons, and parables, and analogues, from the ordinary flows of a typical day.* **This writing which I do is drawn from my own inner perceptions of the time and space.** I think that we are at a loss of words as to quite what to think, or believe... in world times like these recently. *I think that I see how I tend to see, given the circumstances, in light of what has happened, and what*

was done. I think that a nations' president wants to feel like he's effectual, and can get results. We had such and such a situation, after five hundred protestors were brutally slaughtered... *I think that shock waves went through the democratic world... this was one of the bloodiest suppressions that had ever been seen.* **So, if I'm seeing it right, our president felt that we couldn't stand by while a regime as bloody as that developed nuclear weapons in un checked fashion. I think that our leaders, and the other**

country, **felt that we somewhat had to remove the brutal oppressive regime, to deactivate this threat to world security.** There should be a message to the world... **'The killing of civil protestors indiscriminately by any government is not permissible... no matter who you are, you cannot perpetrate in that manner against democratic principles and values.'** So, this is what I think happened... and our governments just felt insulted, in the worst way, and when you do that, you tempt the wrath of the Empire. *But, I*

*disagree that civilians' lives should have been threatened by our reprisals. If this is true, what they say our missiles did, **then I think that we have got as serious issues, with ourselves, as they do, and the matter should not be, or go unaddressed.*** I try to read what is going on in our government, in a complementary fashion, and read into things, constructively what I think is really being said, and done. This is what this writing is, in other words, **this is my translation of what is happening beneath the surface,**

with my understanding, and giving our side the benefit of being in good standing, and in good faith.

I'm not a strong critic of the government, I truly believe that such is an institution with principles, *which is deeply and thoroughly interested in being a decisive force for good, in the world today.* We do have at least two sides to any homeland picture, here, today, *so I try to listen to our differences, and solve for myself as to just what we are doing, and saying as a nation, as a peoples.* Anyways, this working out of my ideas on paper is

very important in my life, **and getting to share these thoughts makes them all the more relevant.** Thirty five years ago, I had no voice... no way to share my writings, or my art, or music. So, my society has really come through for me, and I have to give thanks. Well, our time is just before six pea emm on this Sunday evening, and I sit finishing writing this article, and mulling over the sounds and feel of one of my recent musical albums. I like making hour long albums of playing, because these are somewhat definitive statements, **when they**

have a definite beginning middle and ending, and can be heard and seen as 'objects of art.' A certain output is much better than no output at all... and I feel that this gives my life, and my class value above and beyond than if there was no product at all. This is just what I think about it. At any rate, a dusky evening has fallen here, the faint deep blue backdrop to the pines across our driveway is just fading into black, and I'll close the window blinds, then, and look, and stay more inwardly. Well, these ideas are beginning to come to their

eventual conclusion, in through here, so I'll wrap them up, and add them in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

~

Well, today is Wednesday, the first one in March, this year. It's something, starting out in writing, on a morning like this one... *after some of the footage we've seen from our attacks on the smaller country.* Is that even real? But, I guess that we want to try out some of our munitions... the latest

ordinance. *But, wouldn't that type of thing blow people's legs off?* It's for this reason, that I have a hard time believing that that footage is real. At any rate, I don't want to dwell too much on unspeakable aspects of the present time. Oh well, we'll know more later, when the actual truths and the costs are known. *But, for the time being, this peaceful writer is just going to let my voice be heard.* At any rate, isn't the ease of desktop publishing part of what computers and the internet afford? I know, part of it, is the easy access to records from all of

mankind's recorded history. You see these two aspects are always at play. Of course, there's the third benefit of computers... the tasks they can do... *the ease of audio visual production and publishing.* Anything that can be made digitally, *such as the compiling, and integrating... the producing of spoken, written, recorded, audio and video files, and still images, and the printed word.* If you think about it, today's kids probably kind of take these types of media, and their ease of production, for granted. *These kids will be operators, who can get the*

media results which you want to see on your radio and television. At any rate, when I was growing up, there was a distance between me and getting any real audio visual product. You still had to go through a studio, or a producer, but that has all been changed, and made easier. Video production software, and audio production software, and image editing, and word processors are all that you need to make a career for yourself. And most of these are freely available on the internet. I think that good video production software is all

you have to pay money for. Because, you have **Audacity**, for audio production, which is just as good as anything, and **Photo Scape**, for photo editing, and the **Apache Open Office** software suite, for word processing. I know that I must sound like a radical peace nick, but I'm just an advocate for finding peaceful solutions. Having been in an intensive care unit for a few days, myself, *after my second self injury attempt, I know what it's like to be messed up, and to have to push a button to get morphine released into your intravenous port.* At any rate, I

would never advocate smashing, or blowing off limbs, or hurting anyone in the torso. This should be avoided at all costs. *And, of course, now you know how I think about this.* But, you see, I think, that the supposed footage we see from overseas, is likely manufactured content, just '*playing with the concept of blood shed,*' to see how the concept floats, in the present day and age. I think everyone is in disbelief, and we just don't think that it's real. But, of course, young men like to shoot off guns and bombs and rockets... so it's like a kick right in the

ethical guts of a generation, *and I don't think that the truths of what a massive injury feels like have hit home.* And, for me, I've been through it. I've been stapled back together, and kept alive by tubes into my veins. *So, I know what it feels like.* Well, at any rate, the truth comes out. At any rate, I think that the allure of this type of combat, is that we don't have any casualties, or losses of our troops, because they are expert pilots, or can launch missiles from some distance away... but it won't be us that absorbs the physical impacts of our

ordinance... *I think it will be poor people in that small country.* But why do we put our latest generation of young men through such an ethical quandry? Killing on the battlefield, killing civilians, ***is like joining and acting on the type of police force that shoots first, and asks questions later.*** Our people are wearing executioners robes, this morning. So, I'll tell myself that the footage isn't real at all, it's manufactured to give us the illusion of justice, and victory. And many of us believe it. But, I think that many of us

will have seen the capabilities of artificially generated simulated combat scenes. *Then, what do we believe?* Which is right, and which is an illusion? I don't mean to sound radical, but this is just what my senses and my experiences have shown to me about this world we live in. *And so I don't believe in intentionally shooting, or hurting unarmed civilians, unless the person is trying to strangle me, or come at me threateningly.* That's just me. So, I can't hide my feelings, can I? Just like many before me who disagree stringently, with the soldiers

way, **because we have the luxury to be able to.** And, those boys dropping those bombs are just following orders. So, the business is murky, and indistinct. We told ourselves that the supreme leader had to be deactivated, but we're still launching missiles, and flying bombing missions even after he's dead? *Because their army has been lashing out with retaliatory strikes, **and we think we, therefore, have to stop them.*** At any rate, that's the story, morning glory. Well, I've blabbered nearly a whole page of this idiocy, in

the name of the honest truth, so I guess that I'll take a short break, for a while... and get a bite to eat. I've almost finished my last popcorn tin, from Christmas. Well, this morning, I listened to my 'Resting on the Steps,' album, and kind of got reminded of the majick of what a seasoned audio producer can do... the album starts out kind of bumpy, but ends being a hallucinogenic delight... with the audio effects I used, *I think that it makes the most of the sonic ground, with some strong organ and flute and piano solos, given some effects processing.* I

hope you can enjoy it. Well, I can sense these ideas coming to their ending around in through here, so I'll wrap them up, and send along your way, now. All for now, Greg.

~

I'LL JOT SOME IDEAS DOWN, IN the spirit of a journal, *and so that the time will be better remembered, and not just a gray wash of memories.* I'm just trying to gradually roll start these thoughts, and to build momentum, and inertia, and move this essay down the

written page. The going is slow, in starting, but hopefully, will build to some eventual completion. These thoughts, I hope, are going to amount to a new part six in this ***Reflections of Sol*** audiobook. Having this started, will give me something to work on while I'm out of the house, for a few days, for a visit to my Dad's home, to the north. My heart is thrilled in seeing the ease of this new writing, *and I don't take this blessing lightly... but instead, cherish this new development as I feel somewhat gifted from above.* If you can put

readability, and cohesiveness into a paragraph of lines, *this is a pretty good goal, in itself, already accomplished.* It's good to connect at the writer's ground of being, and to see the flowing of words as a piece of sensible writing. ***At any rate, we try and do the best we can, and to get past the hurdles and obstacles life puts in our path.*** Starting into a new direction, can seem like a good change to usher in. But when our firmly held beliefs get challenged, or meet disagreement, *it can seem as if our lives are changing too much.*

Ordinarily, in living, we should refrain from acting on feelings of distrust of our deeply held expectations, and values... so, if one's writing sometimes walks a fine line, in arriving upon the right understandings... in finding out what one does and doesn't believe... then, **maybe we should remember to mainly remember one's own good abilities, and beliefs in oneself.** For instance, if we're given a good new beginning, on a new chapter, for instance, and can see such working well... and you know that with a little more work you can make a

victory come through... ***then you won't doubt yourself, or your talent, very much, now will you?***

We can always be fairly sure of our own good capabilities. So, if I'm worried, about, say, the ranching industry, in Nova scotia... maybe I should instead rest in my own self evident talents. "You can always believe in yourself." At any rate. A few spirited written thoughts can do wonders to banish doubting, and restore some faith and belief in one's time. *Especially, when the topics I worry over, aren't even any of my*

business worrying about, and one would do better to worry about his or her own self. And, we do sometimes have problems and issues in our living. Therapeutically, though, we'll know how to get past such... I think that professional people will have good instincts, by now, if they're experienced, about how to work through issues in their lives. Openness, trust, and integrity can allow a sinful past to find good resolution, and allow one to get past painful memories. Especially, when we know, how youth almost always

have to experiment.... **and until the strong spiritual lights really come on, in a mind, he or she may be limited to sinful goals, and his ambitions might well be grounded in a materialist way of seeing the world.** *Spiritual consciousness, can change the whole modus operandi... the whole reason for living gets elevated, into more transcendent goals. Such as, economy, ethics, fairness, honesty, and accountability... if any of these are lacking, or absent, you know, for instance, that the life might need work, and attention. At any*

rate, hypocrisy has to be avoided, so I can be assured, how a man '**does what he does, until he doesn't anymore.**' You may see me in my hypocrisy, *but I'm just saying that I'm blessed that the Good Lord worked in my life when He did, and I didn't continue to miss the mark, but instead got the help I needed.* But can we all say this? No, of course not. But seasons of our lives, sometimes put the young ahead, and the older have to catch up. Or the other way around. But we're all under the same big sky. Anyways, just a few ideas. You might

ask yourself, what's the best way to cross distances of time, and space, and gain experience, if you're a young person? No one really knows for sure. Speaking for just myself, from about age fourteen, I was deeply curious about the opposite sex, *and the Good Lord smiled on my young life, and sent a loving woman into my life... and we thought that we were made for each other. But, it turned out, after romance, and friendship, that I was actually searching for something within my own soul, and spirit... which might be described as the Ancestral*

*answer. To get to a place like that, required a men's path of fraternal oneness, and platonic togetherness... **we weren't a dating clique... far from it, we were a group of philosopher sages.** Focus was on finding, and following the light, (gradually smoking and drinking less and less,) and getting on a path of wholistic wellbeing... until we could find that place, where God's best will could be done through peoples' lives... artistically, and with the most economy, and grace. I personally, had to become exposed to the absolute*

best talent in the world, to dissolve my illusions, and get past my prideful ego groping, *and bring about the ultimate best out of myself... and find the best works that could be.* This program is still in progress. You could argue that my work is amateurish, **such may be, but such is simply so prolific...** (much better than if I had been shown, and immersed in mediocrity.) *I guess that the world wide web itself does this... dissolving illusions, and demanding of the self to reach deeper than it ever has before.* I hope that my reeder, or listener finds for him or

her self some kernal of truth from within this book, of which this is the sixth chapter, *to sustain him or her self along upon the lonely journey of self realization... when he will need insights which really get results.* At any rate, I may not always know the specific song which they're playing, right now, *but I can know by feel that the present soundscape is a place of safety, of permanance, and of shelter.* I think that this is the unspoken goal... to get to a place where safety, and security, and shelter open out, and worries, and anxities fall away, and we

enter as if into another womb... **a place where the best art... the best writing, and reeding... can be done.** Well, I can see these ideas coming to their conclusion in through here, so I'll wrap them up and send along your way, now. All for now, Greg.

~

I think, this morning, that I'm going to get a few thoughts into this word processor, *about the way we see the human consciousness... in particular*

*the way our waking human awareness is the main thing about ourselves, **and how such is either in the 'on position,' or in the 'off position.'***

During our waking hours, when we're not sleeping, such gives us a constant flow of information, about ourselves and our environment, which we think of as the 'waking state.' When we fall asleep, at bedtime and at naps, or when we are put under anesthesia, this point of consciousness disappears, and we loose awareness, and become unconscious. For centuries, people have thought about

sleeping and waking, and wondered,
'Where do we go when we sleep?'

There have never really been any good answers, to this. To me, this question is a lot like the afterlife puzzle...

simply, **'Where do we go then?'**

Having recently lost my Mom, and in thinking about this, *I'm sure about pretty much nothing... only that I still*

live... my waking state hasn't

changed. All I really know, is that my

Mom isn't here, physically any more. *I*

also think that there may be

presences about our lives,

invisibly. *I would say that it may*

*stand to reason, that Mom is among the invisible presences, now. If this is true, then it might also stand to reason that **she's as 'close as the mention of her name.'** Our imaginations, in the lands of thoughts, and dreams, for instance, might hold significance, here. For years and years, now, my inner life has been what some might call neurodivergent... in other words, I use my mind to communicate closely with and amongst the inhabitants of the imagination. I also allow trusted thought-beings, otherwise known as sprites, or elementals... **and maybe,***

***perhaps, ancestors, to write, and
play piano, and do art, through my
talents and abilities...***

mediumistically. There isn't any
clear consensus about this, but
*psychology, and psychiatric medicine
I'm sure are brimming with answers.*

***Most agree that these with which I
consort are sprites, elementals...
or possibly the deceased.*** These

possible ways of seeing are shown and
given, by these beings, within such
imagination... not my own natural
ways of seeing, but shown and given,
from the inhabitants of the

imagination... we all have an imagination, and some of us use such creatively... to write, to do art, and to play music, for instance. In such cases these are gifts, or talents, and our society has outlets for these. Vocations such as writer, artist, musician, use the Higher sense, (given of the Higher ascended,) *and many of us are amateurs and hobbyists... myself included.* The idea that I might could share, or bring, might would be how **our normal waking awareness, in life, might be one thing... one state.** All life ages and decays, and

all life eventually dies, on its own timescale, or otherwise... *but what isn't revealed to us is where we go when we die?* **Possibly, we go to the 'off position.'** Wouldn't the possible answer to this be, that, the part of this that is us, our waking point of awareness, which blinks out when we sleep, and magically comes back when we awaken... in death blinks out, as in sleep, *but that spark of awareness then blinks back on, as a presence, only now, without the living body, such spark joins the etheric, or astral body, but out of sight... within*

the imagination. The imagination, when seen as an interconnecting field, or matrix, or as in the '**Great Spirit**' or the '**Ra,**' or the '**Soul of God,**' interjoining all life on Earth and any possible life, beyond... might be seen as the Astral plane, or etheric dimension... such might be the place of unison, and communion, in general... *the place where Angels and Souls reside...* **or the Heaven spoken of by the mystics, and spiritualists... otherwise spoken of as the Afterlife, might be in the imagination.** So, we might already

have our answers. At any rate the notion that I'm trying to convey might be that, ***Heaven is where we keep the memories of our loved ones, our imaginations being the surface factors of this.*** Some other writers have said that empty space *might be far more varied, and complex, and populated, than we may think. We just don't have any way of seeing into such, except as through the imagination.* In other words, life itself gives you and me windows into this world in the forms of our brains... our consciousnesses and

imaginations... whether or not you see
ghosts, you still should be able to see
the common sense in my words.